

OUR HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES ILLUSTRATED

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

IF YOU FEEL
THE WORK & WELFARE
OF OUR HOSPITALS &
CHARITIES TO BE THE
SLIGHTEST CONCERN
OF YOURS
THE CONTENTS OF
THIS PAPER CANNOT
FAIL TO
INTEREST
YOU.



June,
1904

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GIFTS FROM THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

Donations.

THE PRINCE OF WALES (in view of the enlargement of the R. Waterloo Hospital) has doubled his annual subscription of ten guineas.

THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY—£50 to the Diocesan Police Court Mission, and £50 to the Society for Assisting Discharged Prisoners.

MR. EDWARD DAVIS, Cheltenham—£1,000 to the London Hospital.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—£250 to St. Bartholomew's Hospital Special Appeal.

THE DRAPERS' COMPANY—£500 to the East London Hospital for Children, towards the cost of a necessary isolation ward.

Bequests.

MR. BARNETT SHEW, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin—his estate of about £6,000 to be divided between the Adelaide Hospital, Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, and the City Hospital, Dublin, and the Bray Crippled Children's Home.

MR. HERMAN HERBST, Stanmore Road, Richmond—£300 to local charities.

MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Morriston—£3,250 to Morriston and Swansea charities and schools.

MRS. ANN ROGERSON, Spa Road, Cheltenham—£1,700 to seventeen charities.

MR. ANTHONY BROWNE, of Ballivor, Co. Meath—£200 to Dublin hospitals.

MISS MARY MOREWOOD, The Hermitage, Londonderry—£100 to charities.

MR. S. W. FRANCIS, Huntingdon House, Hornsey Lane—£100 to the Royal Free Hospital and £50 to the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital.

MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, of Llangyfelach, Glamorgan—£2,000 to the Swansea Hospital, and £3,200 to other charities and educational institutions.

MISS G. L. MURRAY, Wimbledon Lodge—£1,000 each to the Wimbledon Cottage Hospital, Almshouses, and St. John's Church, and £500 each to the Female Orphan Asylum, Devonport, and the School for Officers' Daughters, Bath.

MR. JOHN FISHER, Antrim Road, Belfast—£550 to the Presbyterian Missions.

MR. H. W. FAULENBACH, of Enfield—£500 to the German Hospital and £2,000 to local charities.

MR. PHILIP W. D. COOPER, of Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol—£100 each to the Bristol Blind Asylum, the Bristol General Hospital, the Bristol Hospital for Women and Children, the Bristol Home for Crippled Children, the Bristol Royal Infirmary, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Convalescent Homes at Weston-super-Mare.

THE REV. JOHN WHITE TOTTENHAM, of West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea—£100 to the Birds' Nest Home, Dublin; £350 to church funds; £2,500 to the Church of Ireland; and £2,500 to be divided among Dublin Children's Homes.

MR. MAXER HIRSCH, of Belsize Park—Jewish Board of Guardians and Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, £200 each; London Hospital, £100; and £1,000 to various Jewish charities.

THE REV. NAHUM NURNBERG—£200 to the Episcopal Jews' Chapel Abrahamic Society; £150 each to the Royal United Hospital and the Monmouth Street Society at Bath; and £200 to other hospitals in that city.

MISS MARY CROSTHWAIT, Queen Street, Whitehaven—£1,000 to the Crosthwaite Memorial School; £500 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £500 to the Whitehaven and West Cumberland Infirmary; and £100 each to three other charities.

MR. JOHN EARLEY COOK, of Knowle Hill, Cobham, Surrey—£1,000 to the S.P.G.; and in reversion £1,000 to the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution; £2,000 to the London Hospital, with a present annuity of £60; £1,500 to the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association, for the benefit of the parish of St. Botolph's, Aldgate; and £1,600 to other hospitals and charities. The testator directs that the proceeds of Knowle Hill, his residence, up to £30,000, is, after the death or remarriage of his wife, to be handed over to the Peabody Donation Fund, to be applied in providing habitations for poor widows and single women at rents from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a week. The residue of his property is to be given to charitable institutions selected by the executors and Mrs. Cook.

MR. WILLIAM MARTIN BICKERSTAFF, Avenue Road, Regent's Park—£1,000 each to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the Shipwrecked Mariners' and Fishermen's Benevolent Society, the Orphan Working School at Havestock Hill, the Asylum for Fatherless Children at Reedham, the Home for Little Boys at Farningham, the British Orphan Asylum at Slough, the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, the Home for Incurables at Putney, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Strangers' Friend Society, the Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospital, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital; £500 each to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Spectacle Makers' Company, the Loriner's Company, and the Samaritan Fund at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

MR. JUDAH VARIQAS—Home and Hospital for Jewish Incurables, £2,500; Board of Guardians for the Relief of the Jewish Poor, £1,000; Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, £500; Home for Aged Jews, £250; and £750 to other Jewish charities.

MR. WILLIAM THOMPSON, Thornthwaite, Cumberland—£500 each to the Workington Infirmary and Carlisle Incurables Home, and £250 each to the Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and to Animals.



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P 73-5

GREAT NORTHERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL UNENDOWED AND VERY POOR



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL FOR NORTH LONDON

President—H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Chairman—Sir JOHN DICKSON-POYNDER, Bart., M.P.

2,000 IN-PATIENTS AND 25,000 OUT-PATIENTS ANNUALLY.

POVERTY THE ONLY QUALIFICATION FOR RELIEF.

£10,000 needed Annually from Voluntary Sources.

£2,000 needed immediately for improvements in Surgery, Observation Wards,
and Operation Theatre.

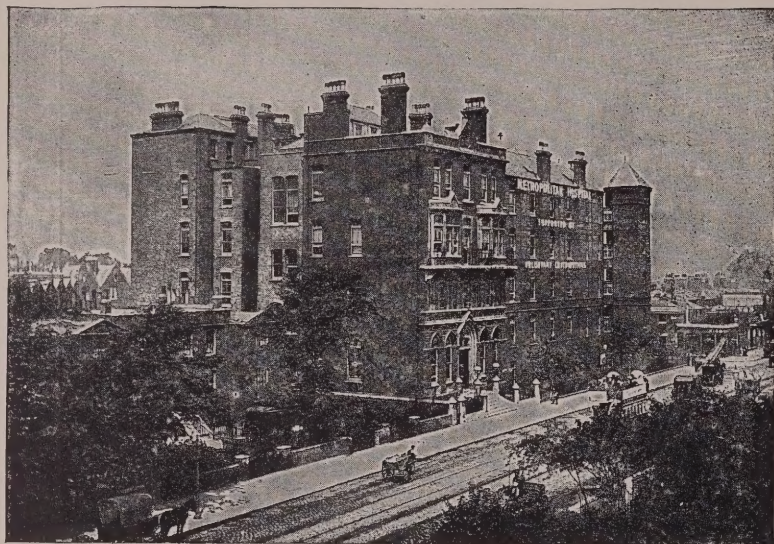
L. H. GLETON-KERR, Secretary.

HOSPITALS

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL

KINGSLAND ROAD, N.E.

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.



Chairman:

THE RIGHT HON.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Treasurers:

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HILLINGDON.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD BATTERSEA.

LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, Esq.

THERE are 111 Beds at present available for In-patients out of a possible 160. Whilst the necessary Expenditure averages £11,000, the assured Income from investments is only £435.

In-patients, 1,270.

Out-patients (attendances) 107,633.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

Bankers: Messrs. GLYN, MILLS & CO., and LLOYDS BANK, Ltd.

CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary and House Governor.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, THAMES EMBANKMENT, S.E.

Serves a very large **POOR POPULATION** on the South of the Thames.

There are 544 Beds for the **ABSOLUTELY POOR.**

There are 42 Beds in St. Thomas's Home for Cases who can pay a moderate amount.

IN-PATIENTS.—7,459 Cases were treated in 1902.

„ 609 were treated in St. Thomas's Home in 1902.

OUT-PATIENTS.—67,409 were treated in 1902.

The Hospital Expenditure on Maintenance and Special Repairs amounted in 1902 to .. £59,717

The Income from Endowments, Paying Patients, etc., amounted to .. £51,689

Capital Expenditure on New Buildings, and Structural Improvements .. £38,754

It is thus seen that a considerable amount in 1902 was required from **VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS** to maintain the Hospital in its efficiency.

To meet the cost of extensive Building Improvements £25,000 Stock was sold last year, and more must be sold.

Contributions to be sent to the Treasurer, **J. G. WAINWRIGHT, Esq.**, at the Hospital, or to

G. Q. ROBERTS, Secretary.

Applications for admission to St. Thomas's Home for Paying Patients are to be sent to the Steward.

HOSPITALS

The HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN

GREAT ORMOND STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

Convalescent Branch—CROMWELL HOUSE, HIGHGATE, N.

PATRONS:

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

Vice-Patrons:

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

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Treasurer: **J. F. W. DEACON, Esq.**

Chairman: **ARTHUR LUCAS, Esq.**

Vice-Chairman: **JOHN MURRAY, Esq.**

200 Beds at Great Ormond Street.

52 Beds at Cromwell House.

Over **750,000** Sick Children have been cured during the past **50** years.

Every day **£20** has to be raised in order to keep open the wards of the oldest and largest Children's Hospital in the British Empire.

Donations and Subscriptions thankfully acknowledged by

JAMES McKAY, *Acting Secretary.*

City of London Lying-in Hospital, CITY ROAD, E.C.

INSTITUTED 1750.

Treasurer - - - A. J. ROBERTS, Esq.

Patients delivered last year 2,900

Midwives and Monthly Nurses trained 186

Donations urgently needed
towards the **£25,000**
required for rebuilding the
old portion of the Hospital,
rendered absolutely
necessary.

R. A. OTHWAITE,
Secretary.

Central London Ophthalmic Hospital GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.

Patroness—

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS FREDERICA
(Baroness von Pawel-Rammingen).

Founded 1843. New Cases last year, 12,964.

Contributions towards the maintenance of the Hospital (which is entirely unendowed) are urgently needed.

A special effort is being made to raise funds for rebuilding, which has become imperatively necessary and is strongly urged by the Committees of the King Edward's Hospital Fund and the Hospital Sunday Fund.

Donations and Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the London and Westminster Bank, 214, High Holborn, or by the Secretary at the Hospital.

H. R. S. DRUCE, *Secretary.*

HOSPITALS

Her Royal Highness
PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL

HAS GRACIOUSLY CONSENTED TO

Open the New Building

OF THE

**NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL
FOR CHILDREN,**

HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN,

ON

WEDNESDAY, the 13th JULY,

AND WILL THEN RECEIVE

PURSES OF £5 5s.

AND UPWARDS,

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION.

Immediate and Most Urgent Requirements:

BUILDING FUND—**£9,000** to pay off Debt incurred in completing first portion of Enlargement Scheme.

GENERAL FUND—**£5,000** in Donations and New Annual Subscriptions for Maintenance.

114 Beds now in use. 19,000 Out-Patients (65,000 Attendances), 5,500 Accident and Emergency Cases, Annually.

President: THE LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY.

Chairman: Colonel LORD WILLIAM CECIL, M.V.O.

Treasurer: MAURICE RÜFFER, Esq.

T. GLENTON-KERR, Secretary.

Bankers: BARCLAY & CO., Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.

Help urgently needed to pay off Banker's Loan, and to meet Tradesmen's Current Accounts.

.....
Last year's
Expenditure **£4,000**
Last year's
Receipts **£2,500**
Deficit **£1,500**

£1,000 wanted in new Annual Subscriptions.

St. MARK'S HOSPITAL
For Fistula and other Diseases of the Rectum.
CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

President—
THE RIGHT
HON. THE
LORD MAYOR.

Treasurer—
RICHARD B. MARTIN,
Esq., M.P.

A. W. SOWDEN,
Secretary.

**Westminster
Hospital.**

Opposite . . .
WESTMINSTER
ABBEY . . .

Chairman: Sir J. WOLFE BARRY, K.C.B.

THIS, the oldest Hospital in London supported by Voluntary Contributions, having been instituted in 1719, is now in very urgent need of funds.

DEFICIENCY
. . 1903 . . **£4,130**

SIDNEY M. QUENNELL, Secretary.

**THE CANCER
HOSPITAL,**
LONDON,
Fulham Road, S.W.

A special refuge for poor persons afflicted with this terrible disease, who are admitted free without letter of recommendation.

The dietary and dressings required are of the most liberal and expensive kind.

A number of beds are provided for the use of patients who may remain for life.

Out-Patient Department opened each week-day at 2 p.m.

**NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS
AND DONATIONS**
urgently needed for the
**GENERAL EXPENSES and for the
RESEARCH DEPARTMENT.**

FRED. W. HOWELL,
Secretary.

SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL

FOR WOMEN,

MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W.

*Dependent upon Voluntary Contributions
for support.*

For the reception of Poor Women suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex. Admission entirely free without letter of recommendation.

IN NEED OF IMMEDIATE HELP.

Contributions, particularly Annual Subscriptions and Bequests, earnestly solicited.

Governorship: Annual Subscription of £2 2s.

Life Governorship: Donation of £25.

Bankers:

Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., and Co., 1, Cavendish Square, W.

W. GUNTRIP KING, Secretary.

The Surgical Aid Society

CHIEF OFFICES:

SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, G.C.M.G.

THIS Society was established in 1862 to supply Leg-Instruments, Spinal Supports, Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Artificial Limbs, etc., and every other description of mechanical support to the Poor, without limit as to locality or disease.

Water Beds and Invalid Carriages and Couches are lent to the Afflicted.

Over 380 Patients are relieved every Week.

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**CONTRIBUTIONS ARE
EARNESTLY SOLICITED.**

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY & CO., Ltd., 54, Lombard Street.

RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN

President: THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

In-Patient
Department:
UXBRIDGE
ROAD, W.
(50 BEDS.)

THE
LARGEST
HOSPITAL
FOR SKIN
DISEASES
IN THE
COUNTRY.



A Corner of a Children's Ward.

10,000 sufferers were relieved at this Hospital last year. Donations towards the New Out-Patient Department will be gladly received. £15,000 Required.

GEORGE A. ARNAUDIN, Superintendent.

Offices and
Out-Patient
Department:
LEICESTER
SQUARE,
W.C.

Subscriptions
and
Donations
for
carrying on
this work
are earnestly
appealed
for.

GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

President: The EARL of ABERDEEN, G.C.M.G.

£4,000 REQUIRED
From Voluntary sources
**TO MEET
ANNUAL DEFICIENCY.**

Scope of Society's Work
SERIOUSLY RESTRICTED
BY WANT OF FUNDS.

The Institution assists the young Governesses by investing their savings in Annuities, and helping them as funds permit in their Annual payments, provides them with a temporary Home, and Free Registration, and makes them grants when in need; to the old it offers help when in temporary difficulty, a settled income by the provision of Free Annuities, and an Asylum for their declining years.

Secretary: A. WESLEY DENNIS

32, Sackville Street, W.

THE Invalid Children's Aid Association

Under the patronage of H.R.H. The PRINCESS OF WALES.



HE Invalid Children's Aid Association has been working for sixteen years among the crippled and invalid children of the London Poor, under a Committee of Experts.

It was the first Organization which aimed at dealing systematically with the needs of these sufferers. The work includes visiting in the homes, obtaining skilled medical, surgical and nursing aid, or admission into Hospital, lending invalid chairs and carriages, sending children away for long or short periods to the sea or into the country, exercising continuous supervision, and endeavouring to carry out in the home the treatment begun in the Hospital.

During 1903 over 1,000 new cases have been added to our numbers, and in spite of the most careful economy **FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED** to meet the ever increasing demand for help.

HON. TREASURERS—

Miss BROADBENT.

Hon. Sir CHAS. FREMANTLE, K.C.B.

SECRETARY—

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8, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W.C.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

FOUNDED 1758.

FIVE HUNDRED FATHERLESS CHILDREN
MAINTAINED AND EDUCATED.

THE
146th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

WILL BE HELD AT

THE WHITEHALL ROOMS,

On WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1904,

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF **H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.**

DONATIONS AND NEW ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED



Contributions will be gratefully welcomed and information given by the Secretary, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Treasurer: SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., J.P.

Bankers: THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, Princes Street, E.C.

Offices: 73, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ALEXANDER GRANT, Secretary.

INCURABLES

THE British Home & Hospital for Incurables STREATHAM, S.W.

FOUNDED 1861. INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1899. Patroness: H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Gives **S**trength to the **H**elpless.
ympathy to the **H**opeless.
helper to the **H**omeless.

THIS Charity does not receive any GRANT from King Edward's Hospital Fund, Hospital Sunday Fund, or the Hospital Saturday Fund.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

£15,000 NEEDED ANNUALLY.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY & CO., 54, Lombard Street. EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary. Offices: 72, Cheapside, London, E.C.

**NATIONAL
HOSPITAL
FOR
DISEASES
OF THE
HEART,
32, Soho Square,
London, W.C.**

The only Hospital
for the exclusive study
and treatment of dis-
eases of the heart.

Funds urgently
needed in order to
prevent curtailment
of work.

Secretary—
CAPT. F. HANDLEY.

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Change of Address.

THE
**ST. JAMES'
ELECTRIC
PINE,
HOT AIR,
and LIGHT
TREATMENT**
removed from
61, JERMYN ST. to
**1, YORK STREET
JERMYN STREET,
S.W.**

THE LONDON THROAT HOSPITAL, 204, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.

THERE are 16 beds only in this Hospital, and during 1903
732 In-patients were treated. The new patients num-
bered 3,596, and there were 16,419 attendances.
Subscriptions and Donations, urgently needed for the
Rebuilding Fund.

For Report, &c., apply to—L. HELLIS, Secretary.

VALE OF CLWYD SANATORIUM

THIS Sanatorium is established for the treatment of Phthisis,
as carried out by Dr. OTTO WALTHER of Nordrach. It is
situated at a height of 450 feet above the sea, on the
sheltered aspect of mountains rising to over 1800 feet. Recently
enlarged.

The Physicians are fully conversant with Dr. WALTHER's
treatment, having themselves been patients at Nordrach.

For particulars apply to

GEORGE A. CRACE-CALVERT, M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., or
CECIL E. FISH, B.A., M.B., B.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
Llanbedr Hall, Ruthin, N. Wales.

NEW BOOK BY

DR. A. T. SCHOFIELD,

Author of "The Force of Mind,"

UNCONSCIOUS THERAPEUTICS

OR

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PHYSICIAN.

PRICE 5s. NET.

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OUR HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES ILLUSTRATED

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

POST 4/6 FREE.

GENERAL CHARITIES

EAST LONDON CHURCH FUND

Patron: The Lord Bishop of London
Presidents: The Bishop of Islington
The Bishop of Stepney

Object:

This Fund exists for the sole purpose of bringing MORE CHRISTIAN WORKERS into the East End. It already helps to maintain 196 ASSISTANT CURATES and 200 other WORKERS, 396 in all. The Annual Grants List amounts now to £20,898, a sum of £509 having been added during 1903 to the Annual Liabilities.

Wanted!

£5,000 ONLY, while THE NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, as at present ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AMOUNT TO ANNUAL EXPENDITURE IS OVER £20,000.

Bankers: BANK OF ENGLAND. **Secretary:** REV. G. N. WALSH, M.A.

Office: 70, HAMILTON HOUSE,
BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT,
E.C.

THE MARY WARDELL CONVALESCENT HOME ... FOR ... SCARLET FEVER, STANMORE.

Patronesses—
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' WORK.

In the year 1879 the first steps were taken towards founding a Home for the reception of convalescents from a special illness which debarred them from admission to all existing Convalescent Homes. It has now been at work for twenty years, after five years of preliminary hard work to raise funds, purchase a freehold, and build. More than 4,000 patients have benefited by it. The foundress is now in her 72nd year, and appeals urgently for help to relieve the Home of a debt of £600, and to increase the annual support.

Subscriptions and Donations may be sent to Messrs. Barclay & Co., and to Miss Mary Wardell, Stanmore, Middlesex.



THE NATIONAL REFUGES.

FOR HOMELESS
AND
DESTITUTE
CHILDREN,

“ARETHUSA” & “CHICHESTER”

TRAINING SHIPS

164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

President—THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.B.

AS this Society is a National one, not simply Metropolitan, admission is ensured to a destitute child from whatever part of the kingdom it may come.

NINE HUNDRED CHILDREN MAINTAINED.

NO VOTES ARE REQUIRED.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Secretary or Finance Secretary, or London and Westminster Bank, 214, High Holborn, W.C.

H. BRISTOW WALLEN, *Secretary.*

HENRY G. COPELAND, *Finance and Deputation Secretary.*

THE RESCUE SOCIETY.



Seven Homes.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

18,662

Have been trained and helped to a fresh start in life.

The Committee have resolved that, as far as possible, no penitent girl shall ever seek a Home in vain.

258,682 meals were provided last year.

£7 10 0 is the average cost for each case.

£15 0 0 will support the work for one day.

£4 0 0 will supply the food in all the Homes for one day.

£2 0 0 will support a Home for one day.

All Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed “Barclay & Co., Ltd.,” and made payable to the Secretary, Mr. C. STUART THORPE, 79, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

Will not YOU kindly help?

R.S.V.P.

OUR HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES.

VOL. I.—No. 5

JUNE, 1904

PRICE THREEPENCE

HOSPITAL SUNDAY DUTY AND EXPEDIENCY

BY THE LOOKER-ON

EVEN in Solomon's day it was discovered that there was no new thing under the sun, so it would seem a hopeless task to say anything new concerning Hospital Sunday, or to urge claims on its behalf which have not been urged over and over again. But while pulpit eloquence will appeal to men's sympathies at this season, and statistical pamphlets seek to interest their minds in the pressing needs of the hospitals, let us endeavour to look at the subject from rather a different standpoint, and one which is likely to be dwelt upon with less persistency than many others.

Probably the most direct road to the pocket lies through the heart, and if any chance word of ours should touch the reader's sympathy, let it do its work by all means. It is not, however, our office to appeal; we would rather aim at the awakening of a sense of duty, and since the mind of man is a complex structure, urge that expediency from which the willingness to do one's duty so very constantly springs. That this is not to employ a high standard whereby to judge our fellows we know, but truth compels the question whether the great majority of us can afford to be judged by any higher one? We hear at once the first low notes of a chorus of resentment at such a remark, but let us be honest with ourselves, and pause before indignantly denying the truth of the statement. We live in a commercial age; the struggle for place, for bare existence even, is keen; and the motives by which a man is actuated converge from so many points of his moral compass that the real direction of the force which compels him to a specific act is not easy to determine. It will seldom be found, we dare to say, in the position we expect.

Let us state our case, then. The vast majority of Londoners are not fulfilling their duty as regards the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, and, moreover, are exceedingly unwise in neglecting it.

And first let us consider the question of expediency. No one will deny that there is a heavy price to be paid for empire, not only by the nation as a whole, but by each individual. Mourning is still in the heart of many a

widow and mother for the dear ones who sleep securely on the African veldt; deep sorrows are still unhealed in the mansion and in the cottage. It is easy to understand the price of empire when the trumpet voice of war demands the payment. In the hour of peace it is not so easy to realize, but the demand is made nevertheless, and has to be met. The mart of the world, as London is, demands its yearly sacrifice, which is Moloch-like in its proportions. It is not for nothing that there is poured into it the wealth of the Indies and the Spice Islands, nature's treasures of gold and precious stones from rocky ridge and mine, and the golden harvest that ripens on the wide-spread plains of Canada. Responsibility runs side by side with progress and increasing wealth. Competition, and the struggle for place, become keener year by year. Time must be counted by minutes lest we lose our opportunity, and relaxation from care and thought becomes ever more difficult. Who is there who is not aware of the immense strain imposed upon us by modern methods, and the high pressure at which we are forced to live? The machine which is worked beyond its capacity invariably breaks down, sooner or later, and the machine, man, is not exempt from the law. It is a fact that brain failure and paralysis are steadily on the increase. The strongest man is apt to collapse suddenly under the strain, and so little has he at present realized this danger that of all classes of hospitals those for paralysis and kindred diseases are amongst the most poorly supported.

Watch for a moment the vast multitude which pours into the great city to its daily toil from every side, men, women, and children—for in these days even the child must labour—and understand how infection must necessarily spread disease. Take what precaution he will, each one runs his or her risk, and how many ever pause, we wonder, to consider the number of dangers they escape every day? To dwell upon such a thought unduly would be too appalling, but for an instant think of it. The risk of infection is in every hour of our lives; the chance of accident in every step we take. The mistake of a careless, or perhaps, as is more often the case, of an overworked signalman; the fusing of a wire in the tube; a runaway horse or a breaking wheel; and men and women, perhaps hundreds of them, are injured and laid aside from work for weeks, months, for all time it may be.

Try to imagine what would happen were there no hospitals with ever-open doors to the sick and suffering. It is certain that disease would stalk rampant through the land, and equally certain that the doctors, whose knowledge and skill is due to the hospitals, would be altogether incompetent to cope with half the problems those mangled limbs and twisted sinews would present to them. Yet the injured man lying there, and moaning in his agony, who a moment ago was reading his evening paper on his homeward journey, has probably never given more than a passing thought to the question of hospitals. They exist, oh yes! and do useful work of course, but *how* does not occur to him. In healthy vigour it is difficult for a man to imagine himself lying sleepless with pain, or weary in weakness, on a hospital bed, but he may one day find himself there, almost certainly somebody belonging to him will, absolutely certain is it that many of his weaker and poorer brethren must do so. Let him consider one fact which as a business man should appeal to him. Over two million patients are treated in the hospitals of London annually. He can easily calculate his own chances of being amongst the number, and understand that it is not outside the range of possibility that insufficient support might necessitate the curtailment of this work, that such curtailment might affect him, or those dear to him, personally. It should at least make him conscious of the fact that the medical skill which at some time or other he must rely on, if not in the hospital, in his own home, is available only because the hospitals exist. Does not expediency, therefore, advise him to support them even as it urges him to lay by for his family and the future? Once let him thoroughly understand this, and we are convinced that his duty towards the weak and those driven by circumstances into the realms of poverty and disease will stand out more clearly, and make no vain demand on his attention. He will not so readily leave all the giving to his richer neighbour, who possibly has to make an even greater sacrifice in his giving; for wealth is not calculated by a man's income, remember, but by the demands which are made upon his purse.

It is to the poorer man, to the professional man, to the worker for wages, be those wages high or low, that Hospital Sunday especially appeals. A very considerable portion of those who drop their money into the plate on this day contribute their only offering to the hospitals in the course of a year, and to them we repeat that they are not doing their duty, or anything like it. Should an eloquent sermon cause them to disburse a shilling instead of sixpence, they are rather uplifted by their unwonted generosity. Let us look a little more closely into this generosity.

It is true that last year, the thirty-first year of this collection, the amount from congregations was the largest ever received, i.e., £49,209, being an increase of about £2,907 on the previous year. Both these years, however, must be regarded as special efforts. Mr. George Herring's splendid offer to add 25 per cent. to the amount given by the congregations, instead of giving a fixed £10,000, as he had done in the three previous years, was naturally a great incentive to special endeavour, added to which the King and Queen,

by their attendance at St. Paul's, had the effect of raising the collection there from £2,129, as it was in 1902, to £5,473.

While fervently hoping that the future will not show a falling off in these amounts, we must not take them as proving that Londoners are permanently awake to their responsibilities. Comparing the five years from 1897 to 1901 with the previous five years, the average annual collection was £36,873, as against £37,511, an actual falling off. It may be contended that in dealing with the five years to 1901 the South African War must be taken into account. We very much doubt whether the war had the slightest effect on the congregational collections, but if it had, it has no effect upon our argument, for while in these years an average of 1,807 congregations contributed, only an average of 1,786 contributed to the collections for the former five years. Individually, therefore, less was given. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, measuring by this average, the case is rather under-stated than otherwise, and it will be found instructive to compare the following:—

In 1892, 1,741 congregations gave	...	...	£37,083
In 1897, 1,793	"	"	37,396
In 1901, 1,860	"	"	36,388

The needs of the hospitals, on the other hand, tend to increase year by year. The average cost per bed per week is to-day some 4s. 4d. higher than it was ten years ago, owing principally to the rapid march of medical science and the increased expense which modern methods demand, but this is a trifling consideration when the greater benefits conferred on the community at large are taken into account, although a moment's reflection will show to what an enormous extent it increases the requirements of the hospitals. To a hospital with 300 beds it means an increased expenditure of some £3,400 per annum.

These are plain figures which speak for themselves, and can be verified by turning to the report of the Fund. If expediency advises our more liberal support of the hospitals on Hospital Sunday, surely our duty demands it. Duty, in its very nature, calls for sacrifice, and we as Englishmen pride ourselves that such a call is never made in vain. Sacrifice something, then, and by your gifts prove that the proud boast is no mere form of idle words.

The Centenary Dinner of the ROYAL LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL on May 10th was attended by an influential company, and resulted in the collection of £2,545. Sir Charles Wyndham, who occupied the chair, pointed out that the number of out-patients was the fifth largest of all London hospitals. Lord Avebury emphasized the importance of the optical school, which was known all over the world.

A pleasing token of gratitude in the shape of a cheque for 100 guineas was sent by Messrs. Price & Reeves, contractors for the Hampstead and Charing Cross Railway, to the HAMPSTEAD HOSPITAL in return for the care and attention received there by some of the firm's workmen. This was announced at the Festival Dinner last month, when over £2,000 was raised.

OUR
HOSPITALS
AND
CHARITIES

THE NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,

* HACKNEY ROAD *

By P. H. OAKLEY WILLIAMS

With pictures specially taken by our own photographer

Their
Story;
their
Work;
their
Needs

TENNYSON was a poet with the courage rare in a poet to re-write what he had once written when in his own mind convicted of error. I have therefore often wondered if, with fuller knowledge, he would have re-written one of his later poems, "In a Children's Hospital," and what he would have made of it. It is perhaps suggestive that the poem, in addition to its title, has in most editions a sub-title, as if it were one of an intended series. It is possible that he would have made honourable amends for the gratuitously repulsive caricature of the "other" doctor "fresh from the surgery schools of France," had he seen more of the work of a children's hospital, for, oddly enough, I never go into a children's ward to this day without being haunted by that libel:

"For he looked so coarse and so red
I think he was one of those
who would break their
jests on the dead."

I am free to confess that I do not in the least understand the conditions of Tennyson's children's hospital. The younger man had, it would appear, been called by the "kindly old doctor" into consultation on an "all but a hopeless case," and, after handling the patient "gently enough," had admitted it to be hopeless in spite of the joy he found "in using the knife." Presumably, therefore, though a junior, he was on the consulting staff. The nurse thereupon aired her theological views with entirely uncalled-for

emphasis, and the surgeon was misguided enough to enter into disputation with her—a more unlikely scene between a medical officer and a nurse than which it is nowadays difficult to conceive. From one point of view I can understand a certain spirit of antagonism. Emmie's nurse was a dear old lady, but emotional. She would shudder at such a

grotesque spectacle as the surgeon's dog, "drench'd in the hellish oorali," mangled by the surgeon's knife. With her emotional predisposition, combined with a taste for gossip and an astounding ignorance of facts—for oorali as an anæsthetic provokes a smile, though Tennyson apparently pictured it administered in a sort of douche in general use—it is conceivable that the doctor would be curt with her. She was certainly not the type of person to be left in charge of a serious case. I do not know that the picture in "The Children's Hospital" would be worth discussing except for the fact that the views of a good many



PATIENTS ON THE BALCONY.

people, whose acquaintance with Tennyson's poems is greater than their knowledge of hospital work, are coloured thereby. Herein, of course, the readers are to blame, rather than the poet.

For nothing is easier than to correct the uncomfortable impressions that the poem may suggest by a visit to a children's hospital. I remember some years ago going round the wards with the resident medical

officer of a children's hospital. At the end of the round I noticed that he looked as tired as it is good for any man of his years to look, and commented on the fact. The look of weariness and overstrain is a characteristic of most medical officers resident in hospital, and in course of time one comes to take it for granted.

"Yes," he said. "I am a bit tired. When I go off duty I shall begin by going to sleep solidly for a fort-



THE HOSPITAL FROM THE ROOF (showing the operating theatre).

night. You see, I have one or two rather worrying cases just at present, and I usually get up once or twice in the night to have a look at them. One can't do much good, of course, but still—"

"Then why do you do it?"

"Couldn't tell you. But it is curious how keen one becomes on the little beggars when they are really bad. They are so wonderfully patient, and they seem to look for one. So I usually get up just to have a look at them."

It had struck me that on his round his tiny patients had seemed "to look for" him. As he passed, those well enough had sat up in their cots, and had laid themselves out to hasten his attention by the hundred wiles of childhood; and others too weak to move had followed him from cot to cot with their eyes. Yet he was a young man fresh from the surgery schools—not necessarily "of France and of other lands," because our own medical schools happen to be quite equal to, if not ahead of, any on the Continent—nor do I know that he was particularly "kind" of hand and of face, but these helpless little ones looked for his coming as of one from whom they had learnt to expect relief.

Another point I think worth noting is that when you see a small child "take to"—as the phrase goes—a young man who is also a doctor you may be

pretty sure that he has served an apprenticeship in a children's ward. He seemed to know intuitively how to win his small patients' confidence, and how to appeal to their sympathies without the preliminary agonies of introduction. Yet the instinct of childhood, from all accounts, does not "take to" the type of man in the habit of mangling "the living dog that had fawn'd at his knee." Emmie's nurse had created a bogey of her own imagining, while Tennyson painted it black and provided it with hoof and horns to scare those who are minded to take a *cauchemar* on trust. It is a pity, for by virtue of its author's genius the poem casts a shadow on perhaps one of the most beneficent and noble institutions the charity of man has yet devised, and a shadow unwarranted by any substance.

The North-Eastern Hospital for Children has been chosen as an illustration of the work done by a children's hospital, partly because it has recently opened new wards that embody the last word of all that an institution of its kind can demand, and partly because, situate as it is in one of the poorest and most unrelieved districts of the East End, it is a good example of the necessities, the difficulties, and the work of a typical children's hospital.

Its story is interesting as an instance of the rapid growth of a mustard seed of charity. In 1867, the year of the cholera scare, two ladies, the Misses Phillips, of whom one was a probationer at the London Hospital, and both members of the Society of Friends, opened a small dispensary for women and children in aid of one of the most crowded districts of Bethnal Green. Very soon afterwards the demands on their charity became so heavy that they were forced to restrict it to the relief of children only. In the following year, at their own expense, or only with the aid of personal friends, they opened a ward with twelve cots, close to Stepney Church in the Hackney Road. The ever-increasing demands on the available accommodation necessitated the removal of the hospital in 1872 to a house in Goldsmith Row, its present site, purchased mainly from the proceeds of a bazaar opened by the Princess Louise. Some years later, a building, with accommodation for fifty-seven cots and an out-patients' department, was opened by the Duchess of Connaught from funds raised by bazaars which owed much of their success to the support of the ladies of the Royal Family. For years the authorities had to fight an up-hill battle against the debt accruing from the cost of the new buildings and of maintenance expenses. In 1893 the windfall of a legacy of £10,000 formed the nucleus for an endowment fund, and also for a new building fund, for the needs of the hospital had

long outgrown its premises. By a special appeal a sum of over £37,000 has been raised, and a new wing



"DINNER IS SERVED" (boiled mutton, jam pudding and rice).

with a frontage in Hackney Road, doubling the number of cots available (now 117 in all), was built. By the beginning of this year the new wards, though not as yet ceremonially opened, were ready for occupation, and, as the needs of their little occupants knew no delay, were at once taken into use. Miss Phillips, one of its original founders, who has watched the hospital grow from its modest beginnings in Virginia Row to the handsome buildings it now occupies off the Hackney Road, is still, it is interesting to learn, one of its most regular visitors. The mustard seed she helped to plant has thriven apace, and fruitfully.

The chief interest attaches to the new wards in the new block, and they are undoubtedly models of their kind, with their parquet flooring, their walls faced with opalite, and the generous space they allow between the strangely tiny beds. A fireplace at either end of the ward makes them bright and cheerful, for the new style ward because of its hygienic perfection is usually somewhat bleak of aspect in contrast to the less severely furnished old style ward, and

the arrangements for ventilation are all that ingenuity can devise. Outside every ward runs a balcony overlooking the Hackney Road, which should prove a boon to the little inmates during the warm weather. It has, however, to be caged in before it is available for use, for from a very tender age the East-Enders displays a reckless and enterprising spirit. On every ward a separate roomy kitchen adjoins, furnished with every necessary appliance and tending to make every ward self-contained, a valuable consideration in view of the infectious character of many ailments of childhood. In one of the new wards, which for the moment affords some one charitably minded an opportunity for handing his name down in grateful remembrance to posterity, there is a bed with an endowment plate that challenges curiosity, for it bears the cryptic legend, "Postcard Cot." It is endowed by a clever lady who paints picture postcards, and from the proceeds of their sale raises £30 a year for the maintenance of the cot. The idea is original and worthy of emulation among those who can only afford to give their time and talents to the furtherance of hospital work. One, at least, of the new wards already has a name, and attests to the popularity of *Little Folks*, and the benevolence of its readers. The editor, some years ago, proposed to raise the sum of £2,000, subsequently raised to £3,000, among his readers for the



"NOT WELL ENOUGH TO GET UP TO-DAY."

endowment of a ward. Already the hospital has acknowledged the receipt of £1,900, and contributions in shillings and sixpences continue to pour in

with unabated zeal. I cannot, as a fellow-scribe, forbear from paying the humble tribute of my admiration to the lady who conducts the monthly page devoted to the fund, for her skill and success in interesting her little readers, all the world over, in hospital work, and—more difficult still—in keeping their ardour alive. Her task can be no sinecure, for most contributions are accompanied by an autobiographical sketch of the subscriber's career, together with, as often as not, divagations on the number and habits of his or her pets, and on the problems of existence in general. The whole of this exacting correspondence Miss Woolf acknowledges and answers with unerring instinct for the needs of each particular writer. The result, so far, is £1,900 for the benefit of the hospital, and will before long, no doubt, be £3,000.

The new block further contains a spacious board-room (which, doubtless, as time goes on, will acquire the dignity it at present lacks in the matter of furniture), accommodation for the resident medical officers, offices for the secretary (who was hitherto lodged in what was literally a hole in the wall), and a very carefully designed casualty department, where the little victims of accidents obtain prompt relief. On the highest storey, seen from without, is the new operating theatre, a conspicuous feature of the new part of the hospital, something like a huge bird-cage of plate glass. Its appliances and furniture are replicas of those of the new theatres at the London, and are fully adequate to the most exacting demands of surgical science. The new wing of the hospital well repays a visit from any one interested in hospital work. There is, by the way, an impression abroad, and one under which the writer laboured until recently, that the hospital is not easy of access. Certainly from the West End to Hackney Road is a far cry. But there is a tram starting from Bloomsbury that puts the wayfarer down at the very doors of the hospital, and for the twopence expended on the fare he can, in a marvellously short space of time, see a deal of life and of London. I wonder, for example, how many people who "know their London," have ever visited that magnificent and ill-fated monument to one of Lady Burdett-Coutts' most ambitious and lavishly-planned philanthropic schemes, the Columbia Market. It is situate within a stone's throw of the hospital.

Compared with the spick-and-span glories of the new wing the old buildings suffer, and the contrast is underlined because, owing to some miscalculation in the original designs, the old and new storeys are not on the same level. Architecturally iniquitous, too, are the narrow corridors and the broken flights of stairs.

The wards themselves are large and attractive, when crowded, as they usually are, with troops of youngsters in the first joy of convalescence and of an unwonted sense of cleanliness and well-being. What could be done to bring the wards up to the standard of modern requirements in the matter of parquet flooring, electric light, and kindred conveniences, has been done, and they undoubtedly serve their purpose excellently well. A feature of the old buildings is the flat-roof—roof-garden is perhaps too flowery a word to describe it—which serves the children as a playground in the summer, and from which they return as black and grimy as if they had been disporting themselves in the coal-cellar. Still, in the heart of the East End you have to take such fresh air as you can get, and to be thankful. From this height, dwarfing the roofs of the surrounding houses, the vast area of the East End, row after row of mean streets and tightly-packed houses, broken only by the huge factories, or the tower of a church, lies spread at your feet as a map. Some of the poorest streets of the richest city on earth lie within a few paces of the hospital, for the struggle for life presses hard on the population of Stepney and Bethnal Green, even when the boot trade and the furniture industry are flourishing. When these trades are depressed, the distress and need of the district are very real. Beyond lie Shoreditch and Hackney, and further to the North the poorer quarters of Islington. The view is palpable evidence that the site of the hospital is well chosen for the convenience of its patients, and that the pressure on its accommodation is necessarily severe. With fifty-seven beds the hospital has, so far, annually treated between 700 and 800 in-patients, of whom a large proportion were under two years of age, and with the opening of the new wards this number will probably be doubled. The average length of treatment varies from twenty to twenty-four days, so that an empty cot is, from one year's end to the other, a very rare sight. Often enough in one of the wards one finds a tiny atom of humanity, comfortably ensconced before the fire in a large washing basket, because, though every cot was occupied, no one had the heart to turn this particular morsel of humanity away. The number of cases treated in the out-patients' department (over 19,000, including casualties, for the past two years) shows a steady and well-marked increase every year. There can be no doubt that the services rendered by the hospital are appreciated among the class it was designed to aid, and tend year by year to enlarge their field of usefulness.

Of late years the Committee have taken very vigorous precautions to safeguard the charity against

any suspicion of abuse, and recently, in lieu of the usual inquiry agent, have appointed a woman almoner, a lady trained by the Charity Organization Society, for the investigation of doubtful cases. Her duties do not end with the checking of abuse. She is authorized to relieve the immediate necessities of any very urgent case of distress that may come under her knowledge, and further to bring them to the notice of other charitable organizations, notably the C.O.S., the Friendly Workers, and the Invalid Children's Aid Society. Further she is in communication with several convalescent homes, and endeavours to procure the admission of suitable cases. "Our inquiries," Mr. Glenton-Kerr

their readiness in working towards a scheme of closer co-operation. A hospital inevitably comes into touch with the very poor who have neither the knowledge nor the means for making their needs known in quarters whence help might reach them, and one cannot help thinking that an inquiry agency such as that now tentatively adopted by the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, which does not begin and end with investigation, but follows the more deserving cases up with a view to drawing the attention of other charitable agencies to their needs, must be fulfilling a very useful purpose.

A children's hospital, to a greater extent perhaps



THE BARCLAY WARD: "WE ARE SO PROUD OF OUR BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN."

explained, "brought so many cases of pitiful poverty and genuine distress to light that, though they were outside the scope of our hospital work, we felt that something ought to be done for their relief. We therefore endeavour to bring them through our almoner under the notice of other agencies, or to induce their relatives or friends to do something to help them. The object we have in view is the closer co-operation of the charitable organizations working in our district, and I feel convinced that a great deal can be done by hospitals working in and out as it were with other charities for the furtherance of their common purpose." The idea has obviously much to commend it, and it is satisfactory to learn that all the charitable agencies to whom appeal has been made have shown

than any other, is of special value to the well-being of the community at large in its educational aspects, not so much the education of its patients, though here too as a school for manners its influence is marked, as of its patients' parents. The ignorance of the East End poor in all matters connected with proper up-bringing of infants is amazing, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that half the ills to which infancy in the East End is heir are due to the errors of its mothers, and these in their turn are not so much the outcome of want of heart as of want of instruction. A medical man of wide experience in the treatment of children in the East End has assured me that it is no rare thing for an East End mother to feed an infant a few months old on crumbs of cheese and occasional sips of beer

or similar tit-bits, and then to be surprised that her unfortunate offspring develops digestive troubles. Moreover they are slow to accept advice in these matters, for nothing is more conservative than maternal ignorance. Attendance at the out-patients' department contributes willy and nilly to enlighten their darkness, and I believe the medical staff at the North-Eastern has improved the occasion by drawing up a table of simple rules on matters of diet and elementary hygiene that must have an ever-increasing influence in diminishing the terrible infant mortality that prevails in the East End.

Another factor that contributes largely to the disease and mortality of infants in the East End is the thorny question of the milk supply. It must be sufficiently manifest to every layman's intelligence that if the milk, the staple food of an infant, is in any way contaminated, trouble, and usually serious trouble, must result. And unfortunately there are a hundred-and-one ways whereby the milk supply in the East End can be, and is, contaminated before it reaches its final destination. The rigorous sanitary precautions necessary to ensure absolutely pure milk are not, there is reason to fear, adopted by all dairy farmers or even by the majority. It is easy to blame their negligence, yet difficult under present conditions to find the remedy for it. For one thing, the sanitary precautions desirable entail not only additional care but additional labour in every branch of dairy work. This to be profitable would entail an increased price for milk from consumers, who cannot afford to pay a farthing more than present prices. For another, dairy farmers do not yet realize the vital importance of the many sanitary regulations, and are inclined to regard them as faddishness. Hence, often enough, the milk supply starts contaminated from the cow shed. But granting that the milk reaches the consumer innocent of noxious germs, the danger is by no means over. Too often in the East End it is taken in in a jug which, if not actually dirty, has not been scalded, or is poured into a bottle that contains some drops of stale milk, quite enough to poison the infant's next meal. Often, again, the milk is left standing in an uncovered vessel in a fetid, germ-laden atmosphere, and becomes contaminated thereby. The effect on a weakly infant is poisonous, and provides another case for the hospital. So impossible is it to put any confidence in the purity of the milk supply in the East End that a physician with a wide experience told me that as a matter of practice among out-patients when an infant was brought to him suffering from certain symptoms, the first thing he did was to discontinue its milk diet even if he could only substitute egg white and water in its place.

In the latest work on the subject, "*Bacteriology of Milk*,"* by Mr. Swithinbank and Dr. Newman, the authors attribute the contamination of milk between the cow and the consumer to the introduction of bacteria at four principal stages:—(1) At the time of milking; (2) during treatment and preparation; (3) during transit; (4) after arrival at its destination. It is astounding to note that even in farms where every precaution to keep the dairy and its utensils sweet and clean is observed, no regard is paid to the filthy state of the byres, to the proper grooming of the cows, or the personal cleanliness of the milkers. Yet careful scientific investigations have shown that the number of the bacteria in the milk is very largely determined by the bodily cleanliness of the cow, the state of the litter in the cowshed, the dust from the food (oil cake, bran, &c.), and the methods of milking enforced. To the supply of contaminated milk the authors are able to trace a long list of epidemic outbreaks of typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and epidemic diarrhoea—a disease to which, during the summer months, infants in the East End succumb in thousands. A very remarkable feature in these "milk-borne" diseases is the directness wherewith the outbreak can be traced to the cause of infection, often to the very cowshed from which the contaminated milk was sent out. In the striking phrase of the authors, "disease follows the cart," and they are in a position to give charts showing the dissemination of disease in the track of the milkman's round. To discuss the question of the milk supply more fully would be beyond the scope of this paper, but enough has been said to show that the contamination of the milk supply, more especially in such densely crowded areas as those of the East End, is a matter that is of vital importance in all questions of public health. Those interested in the subject will find a mine of carefully compiled and well-digested information in the volume from which I have quoted.

So strongly do the medical staff at the North-Eastern feel on the subject of a milk supply of worse than doubtful purity that they have recently made representations to the Committee urging the establishment of a milk "dispensary." In place of prescribing drugs for many of their cures, they wish to be able to prescribe pure milk and milk preparations supplied from a source on which they can rely implicitly.

The scheme, briefly, is to be able to supply the out-

* "*Bacteriology of Milk*." By Harold Swithinbank and George Newman, M.D., F.R.S.E., D.P.H. With special chapters also by Dr. Newman on the spread of disease by milk and the control of the milk supply. With 72 illustrations, maps, charts, &c. London: John Murray.

patients with milk in sealed bottles containing the necessary meal. The Committee, while fully alive to the value of these recommendations, are bound to consider the question of ways and means, and are at the present juncture reluctant to embark on further expenditure which the organization of the system suggested would entail. One cannot, however, help thinking that after the initial outlay, some system could be devised whereby a milk dispensary could be made largely, if not altogether, self-supporting, and it would be difficult to conceive an object to which a philanthropist could devote money more usefully. If I have ventured to dwell at some length on the question of the milk supply in the East End, my apology must be the far-reaching issues, in view of a dwindling birth-rate and the terrible infant mortality in the East End, involved in the problem.

Of the more pressing needs of the hospital, in the first place must rank money to pay off a debt of about £9,000 incurred by the new buildings, and the need of increased support from the

public towards the annual income of the hospital, in view of the additional cost of maintenance involved by doubling the number of cots. An additional £3,700 a year, it is reckoned, will have to be forthcoming to preserve the high standard of efficiency the hospital has attained, and consequently further annual subscribers are needed and anxiously sought.

It may be mentioned, as showing that the value of the hospital is appreciated by the people most benefited by its work, that since 1887 the Sons of the Phoenix, an association of working men, have contributed substantially to its funds, and have now undertaken to raise a subscription to "name" a cot in one of the new wards. Further, the hospital is conscious of one or two disadvantages that handicap its full development of efficiency and the economy of its adminis-

tration. It lacks a nursing home, and the nurses are at present lodged at a distance of nearly a mile from the wards. This, apart from the inconvenience, involves some expenditure for conveyance. An isolation block, a very important adjunct in the case of a children's hospital, is needed, because for want of it infectious cases that otherwise would have been admitted have to be refused. At present the new wing only contains one ward of three cots for infectious (diphtheria) cases. The out-patients' department is antiquated and far too cramped for the number of cases attended there, and the need for a new one is sufficiently obvious. These improvements, with its own laundry, would complete the hospital at its

present stage of development, but though the site for the new buildings has been acquired, lack of funds forbids the work being taken in hand. Another improvement that would add to the comfort of the hospital and the well-being of its little inmates, would be the repaving of the Hackney Road, along its frontage, in wood, in lieu of the usual cob-



SISTER GIVES DINNER TO A VERY YOUNG PATIENT.

bles. The noise of the traffic is very present everywhere, and must overpower the most anxious debates in the board-room. The Borough of Bethnal Green has little money to spend on such western luxuries as wood pavement, but in the case of the Children's Hospital it would be graceful to stretch a point.

In his more sanguine moments the able Secretary of the hospital will broach to you a magnificent scheme for a branch establishment in the country, which will relieve the pressure on the wards of the parent institution and would be an inestimable boon to its little patients. But this is a glorious vision of a rosier future. For the moment it is enough to note, to admire, and wherever possible to aid, the striking development of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children from the little dispensary in Virginia Row of 1867.

OUR DUTY TO HOSPITALS

By WILLIAM SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON OF LONDON

THERE is no act or calling more characteristic of Christianity, or more congenial to the will of its Founder, than that of the healer. There is none that is nobler, or that more richly deserves the reverence or gratitude of mankind. It is a profession that cannot be perfected without long and earnest study, constant practice, accumulated experience, unflinching exposure to danger, and great self-denial. The fact of being so constantly in the presence of anguish and death, gives seriousness and gentleness even to the roughest nature. What heroism is shown, not only on great and notable occasions, but even in the most obscure practice, and by beginners, in the grim fight with death which they so often carry on single-handed! The rawest student would risk his life by sucking the poison from a desperate throat; no thought of danger stints the efforts of these men in wrestling with the deadly grasp of fever or small-pox. No weariness of fatigue or yearning for repose prevents the country doctor from starting forth over bleak moor or mountain pass, in snow or rain, or any weather, in the dead of night, or when he has but just returned from his day's round, if he be summoned by the call of pain and sudden disease. When our friends are ill how implicitly we trust the experience of the doctor, how eagerly we look for his visits, with what anxiety we listen to his verdict; how we bless his skill when, beyond expectation, under God's good providence, some alleviation is wrought, a change comes for the better, and strength gradually returns! Or, even when death is inevitable, how often the sufferings of the last days and hours are mitigated by medical attention and experience.

Of the miracles of the surgical art it is impossible to write in detail in a short article. It is little to say that operations are now performed which would once have seemed as incredible as fairy tales. A few years ago I dined in the very room in which Sir James Simpson, the inventor of chloroform, had the courage to make the first experiment with it on himself. Few rooms have been more rich in blessing to mankind.

It is almost impossible for any human being to realize the amount of sickness and accident that there is in London. Of the whole population of London, the proportion receiving treatment at its hospitals and dispensaries is steadily rising towards one half. The population of London is a little over $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Last year not less than 1,879,886 of these received treat-

ment at the hospitals and dispensaries, at a cost of £1,239,988. The ordinary income of these medical charities only amounted to £920,113, leaving a deficiency of £319,875 on the year's work. The legacies amounted to £8,867 less last year than in the previous year. Let us remember what it means in our well-ordered and well-provided households when one person is ill, and we may form some faint idea of the amount of relief which these citadels of Christian philanthropy provide every year. We may well remind ourselves of the contrast between the treatment of illness or accidents at home in the dwellings of the working classes in London and in the ward of a hospital. In the tenement (and a very large proportion of the entire population of London lives in tenements with only one, two or three rooms), we find a narrow crooked staircase in the ascent of which every injury is intensified and every pain made worse; the empty house guarded by one or two children, the elders being out at work; the empty grate; the badly placed and badly provided bed; the ill-ventilated, sometimes fetid rooms; the weary waiting while some busy local practitioner is being summoned; the shivering, sinking patient, wanting warmth which the frightened children are too awkward to obtain; the futile efforts to stop bleeding or ease pain; the doctor working by the feeble light of a candle without proper appliances; the noise and bustle of crowded family life—this would be the rule if the hospitals had to close their beds.

At the hospital everything is ready; there is plenty of help, and that help is trained. In a few minutes the patient is in a clean fresh bed, in a pure and sweet atmosphere; his circulation is restored by artificial heat; kindly nurses are about him, only second in importance to the doctor himself; the hæmorrhage has been stayed, or the pain relieved, and Nature has the chance which God intended it to have, of helping the sufferer back to life.

If the contributions to the hospital funds could be doubled, then the hospitals of London could do the duty for which they exist. As it is, and the fact is not creditable to London, there are many "closed" beds which are sorely needed, but which remain unoccupied because we do not supply sufficient funds for their maintenance. Would that this great and wealthy city would realize its privileges and responsibilities in this matter, and would show its sympathy for the inconceivable amount of pain and suffering amongst the poor of London, by raising the income of the hospitals this year to a sum adequate to their necessities and worthy of the chief city of the greatest empire the world has ever known.

THE MEN BEHIND THE HOSPITALS

SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY, BART.

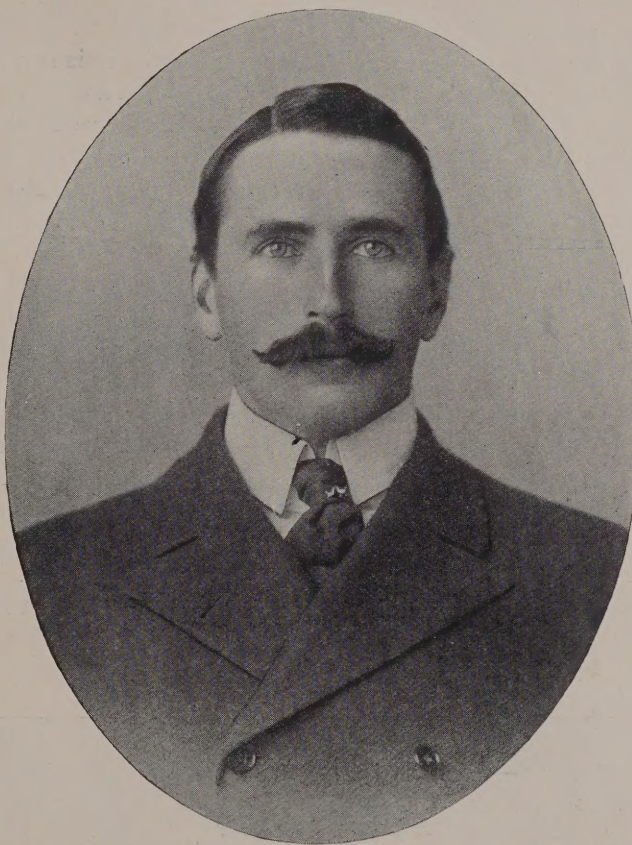
NO more appropriate personality could be presented to our readers at the time of Hospital Sunday than the man who is so closely identified with the three great funds of the hospital world. As a rule a man becomes a philanthropist when his career is closing, and he has leisure to think of his duties to his fellow-men. But Sir Savile Crossley, who is now in the prime of life, began his annual gift of £1,000 to the Hospital Sunday Fund (which he now divides between that and the King's Fund) eleven years ago, and in this matter was one of the first to establish the principle of the giving of large sums by private individuals to the Funds instead of to any particular institution.

He has served for ten years upon the Distribution Committee of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, and when King Edward's Fund was established in 1897 he had the honour to be appointed one of its honorary secretaries. He also serves on all the committees and on the General Council of that Fund. This in addition to his parliamentary duties might be enough for the ordinary man, but Sir Savile also gives his time as Chairman of the Hospital Saturday Fund, and therefore serves as a connecting link between these three great societies. Of the value of such a connecting link there can be no question, for it is important that the work of each Fund should be co-ordinate, and that there should be no overlapping or trespassing, a result which, in spite of many fears, has been achieved.

Our representative had two minutes' talk on hospitals with Sir Savile in the House recently. His

interest in them is as keen as ever, and he was full of enthusiasm for the work the King's Fund had done and hoped to do.

In addition to being a philanthropist and legislator, Sir Savile is a soldier and served with the Yeomanry in the Boer War, while in his Oxford days he was an athlete.



SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY.

The year's report of the METROPOLITAN NURSING ASSOCIATION, which was presented at the annual meeting last month in Grosvenor House, shows that a total of 1,359 patients were nursed in their own homes by the members. The report quotes Mr. Charles Booth's opinion that wherever a nurse enters the standard of life is raised.

The Bishop of Stepney, Mr. Choate, Sir Thomas Barlow and others spoke eloquently to a crowded audience at Stanhope House last month of the work of the INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION, which visits sick children in their own homes and puts them in touch with various charities.

To devise something new for attracting help is always the aim of hospital secretaries. Mr. E. Douglas White, the secretary of the SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL in Marylebone Road, is to be congratulated on his original "Leap Year" dinner, held last month at Prince's. Ladies presided at the different tables, and Mrs. Kendal made so eloquent an appeal on behalf of the hospital that nearly £5,000 was collected.

At the annual meeting of the SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE OPIUM TRADE it was stated that, in spite of the Government pledges to the contrary, the amount of land in India under poppy cultivation had increased.

The Report for 1903 of the Church of England WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY shows that the income was the highest ever received. There are now ninety homes and 3,231 children under care.

A HOSTEL OF PEACE

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN AND ST. ELIZABETH

ONE of the strangest and hardest things in hospital administration is to the lay mind the frequent dismissal after a short stay, or the absolute refusal, of cases which, while holding out every hope of cure, require careful and prolonged treatment. This very necessity for long and expensive treatment would give them—one might think—all the more claim on the great free hospitals of this country. It is a little hard to grasp the unsentimental utilitarian principle that hospitals have no time for such cases, and that it is better to cure ten patients requiring a fortnight's treatment each than to give twenty weeks' treatment to one bad illness. The principle is, of course, sound, so long as the demand for hospital space is as insistent as at present. But what of the poor patient who is too ill to be treated at the general hospitals? For him there are but a few institutions with very limited accommodation, and one wonders what becomes of those who have no chance of admission. In their poor homes have they ever a chance of cure, or does fate sternly weed them out as unfit? It is a sad thought, and may well lead us to consider whether there is not urgent need of more hospitals for long (but curable) cases.

A limited number of such patients (for two wards are still practically closed for want of funds) are received at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in Grove End Road, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the long and patient treatment they require should be found in these light wards looking out on

the green old-world garden and served by the Sisters of Mercy. Here there is no bustle, no ambition, no change of staff, no inquiring students, no worldliness. It is like a retreat from the commotion of external life, but in no wise a religious retreat, for the hospital is open to all denominations, and there is no attempt at proselytizing. It is ordinary hospital work, only that the sisters when off duty do not mingle with the world. There are no out-patients, and no casualties break the quiet routine—but otherwise this is a general hospital of 110 beds, commended and helped by the King's Fund.

A special feature is the open-air ward for tuberculous patients. Here, summer and winter, the fresh air blows through the ever-open windows, and the patients who can rise spend the sunny hours of the day on the flat roof which looks over miles of London to the south as far as St. Paul's Cathedral, and beyond it to the glistening towers of the Crystal Palace, and to the north over the green slopes of Primrose Hill and Hampstead and Harrow. There are also several delightful rooms for paying patients of moderate income.

There is a resident medical officer and several visiting doctors, but inside the building all the duties, including those of porter, messenger and lift attendant, are fulfilled by women.

The sisters are trained hospital nurses; ten of the twenty-three employed have received their certificates at large general hospitals, and those under the sisters learn from them and attend medical and surgical lectures



SUNSHINE IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

given by the doctors. Sometimes when pressure is great, lay helpers are taken, but as a rule there is little change in the staff.

The large dome in the centre belongs to the beautiful church of the Knights of Malta, which was given by Sir George Bowyer, Bart., whose heart is buried in the sanctuary.

The hospital was founded in 1856 in Great Ormond Street, and moved to its present perfect quarters in 1898. The word "perfect" is no exaggeration, for its beautiful wards, sanitary arrangements, dispensary (with three qualified dispensing sisters), and operating theatre, are all perfect of their kind. "Since we had to move into a new building," said the mother superior, "it

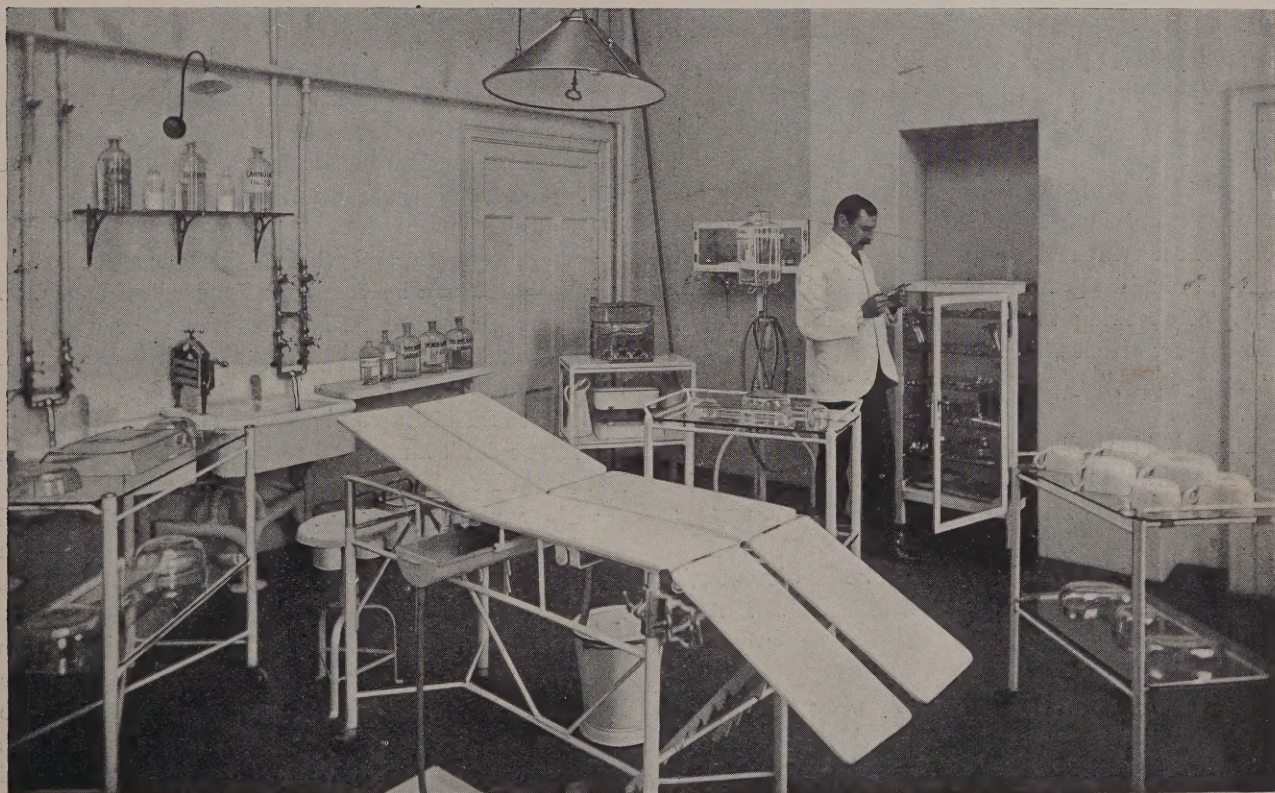
was only right to have it perfectly equipped, although the cost has left us in debt to the amount of £5,000, and

we cannot open through lack of funds the two wards for men. We are having a grand bazaar on June 8th and the two following days, at the Princes Skating Club, which is to be opened by the Duchess of Connaught, and we hope for great help from it."

Yet to raise £5,000 from a bazaar is a difficult matter, and would only suffice to wipe off the debt, not to open the closed wards. No one could visit the hospital (and it will be shown to any one interested) without feeling impelled to help its quiet good work, the more so as it nurses with such patience cases which have to be refused by the ordinary hospital.



ONE OF THE ROOMS FOR PAYING PATIENTS.



THE OPERATING THEATRE. (Which is the envy of every doctor who visits it.)

WIT FROM THE WARDS . . .

BY BASSETT HASTINGS

TO some the idea of humour in a sick room or hospital may seem as out of place as a barrel organ at Divine service. That one should seek to jest in the presence of so much pain and sorrow is altogether repugnant to their feelings. Yet nowhere is the humorist more welcome. Mirth is a marvellous medicine, and, given decent discrimination on the part of the mirth provoker, none is more readily welcomed by both nurse and house surgeon.

Tom Hood, that prince of merry fellows, was facetious to the last. As his end approached and his breathing became more and more difficult, the doctor suggested large mustard poultices as being likely to ease the pain. Poor Hood's glance wandered from the huge poultice to his frail wasted chest, and as his wife placed it in position a wan smile broke over the humorist's features. "Oh! mother," he whispered, and they had to lean very close to catch what he said, "Oh! mother: what a lot of mustard for such a little meat!" A few hours later he crossed into the Great Unknown. Jester to the end, he had met Death Himself with a joke upon his lips.

One of the most welcome visitors in a certain East End hospital with which I was once connected, was the Rev. John B——. He would come in at all hours of the day or night, when anyone particularly required his ministrations; and, in addition to his ghostly offices, placed his by no means mediocre talent as an entertainer at the service of the authorities. His quiet wit was excruciatingly funny. One Christmas he gave us a magic-lantern entertainment, bringing his paraphernalia round on the roof of a cab. The stolid porter, whose sympathies were not with the Established Church, brought the various items into the ward and, by way of checking the cabby, asked the Rev. John, "How many articles, Sir?"

"Thirty-nine," quoth the parson, winking at the ward.

"I'm afraid that's too many," replied the man, dully re-counting his packages whilst the ward stuffed the bedclothes into its mouths in the effort to appear calm.

"Ah, Peter, I perceive you to be a dissenter," retorted parson, whereat the ward exploded. But to this day Peter declares that there were only five packages.

This same man was one day showing a party of American visitors round the convalescents in the hospital grounds. In common with many other London enclosures, the garden boasted several of the

soot-proof plane trees. Presently Jonathan halted before an unusually fine specimen. "Does this belong to the plane family?" he inquired, cheerfully tapping the bark with his stick. "No, it don't, sir. Heverything on these premises belongs to the governors," said Peter in the accents of chill disapproval, as he hustled them off to the skeletons in the museum.

A poor coster, who was brought into the ward as the result of a carriage accident, once gave us some hearty laughs. On one occasion he had been explaining that the driver of the runaway dogcart which was responsible for his mishap, after just shaving the Lord Chief Justice's brougham and miraculously missing the electric landau of a well-known Gaiety favourite, had turned sharply across the street and only pulled up on his own prostrate form.

Somebody suggested how strange it was that, after all these narrow shaves, he who could least afford to lose a day's work, should be the one fated to suffer.

"Nuffin' strange about that, gents; the driver was a cute 'un," wheezed the patient.

"What had that to do with it?" cried the ward.

"Do with it?" snorted the crippled one with a fine contempt for our denseness. "W'y everything. Ee saw ee 'ad to run into something, an' ee knowed it 'ud mean money; so he jus' runs into pore me, 'cos I looked cheepest!"

During his residence in the ward, which occurred in the height of the Boer War, we had a change of house surgeons. The new one was a bit of a dandy and the patronizing air he assumed when making his initial visit grated upon our friend. Presently, in the course of his progress down the beds, Mr. Poultice arrived opposite and drawled out,—

"Well, my man, and what might your name be?"

"Well, it *might* be President Kruger," said the man slowly as though seriously considering the question. Then he added briskly with sudden conviction—"but thank Gawd it ain't!"

Poultice flushed up and glared at his patient.

"If you don't know how to behave as a gentleman I'm afraid I can't teach you," he said icily.

"No guv'nor you kin safely bet on that," replied Mr. Pearlies: and Mr. Poultice, his ears tingling with the titter that went round the ward, passed on to the next case.

For the benefit of certain of the staff and patients we employed the services of an Irish out-patient who had been a barber. This fellow was an unconscionable rascal, whose ready wit alone had saved him on more than one occasion from the legitimate consequences of his libations.

I well remember waiting my turn one morning in his "saloon" whilst he was shaving the senior house surgeon. Strop's hand was rather unsteady that morning, and as the senior noted the notches in his cheeks and chin his brow clouded and he read the erring one a severe lecture. He wound up by saying that the saddest sight he knew was that of a man who gave way to drink.

"Sure and 'tis that, sorr," agreed Strop with delicious Hibernian frankness. "'Tis a terrible thing, the dhrink"—he paused to delicately staunch the senior's gaping wounds with powdered alum—"and it makes the skin uncommon tender, sorr."

THE ORIGIN OF HOSPITALS . .

WHEN he looks upon the splendid institutions of to-day, where the arrangements for the care and the cure of the sick are brought to such a pitch of perfection, the passer-by may be tempted to ask who first took upon himself the charge of the sick poor. Did one philanthropist suddenly awake to a sense of his responsibility towards his suffering fellow-creatures, and give his time and his money to the foundation of a place for the sick and maimed? Did some early statesman put before his city council their duty in this matter, or has the principle of voluntarily supported hospitals been handed down to us from the primitive ancestor of the Stone Age? We find no such gentle mercies in the early history of our forefathers. They left their old and their sick to die, thus drastically weeding out the unfit. The Romans for all their civilization pursued the same course in the case of slaves, but those gloriously wounded in battle were gathered into one corner of the field and tended by the rough-and-ready methods then known. This plan was gradually adopted in the cities, and we hear of a hospital in Paris in the middle of the seventh century.

The hospital may thus be said to have evolved itself from pure necessity. The first mention of a hospital, or lazar-house, as it was then called, in England was during the thirteenth century, when we read of one at Burton Lazars, near Melton Mowbray, and of the hospital of St. Giles in London. These two, and the Hospital of Saint Bartholomew, which was founded in the fourteenth century, were under the care of monks and nuns, who were the pioneers of the doctors and nurses of to-day. So many patients flocked from all parts that before long we find an increase in the number of these houses. St. Mary's Hospital was built on the site now known as Spital Square, and various

institutions were founded for the old, the blind, and other special classes of sufferers. In St. Mary's there were about 200 beds, some containing three or four patients, even when these were maternity cases, but although the sciences of medicine and surgery were in their infancy, and although the sanitary arrangements were execrable, there is no doubt that the brethren and the sisters did a great deal of good in the dark and ignorant ages.

After the Reformation the hospitals were taken out of the hands of the priests and carried on by lay helpers on the same lines. We now find mention of surgeons and nurses and of a beadle who kept a record of all patients, his other duties being to pray with the sick and administer Communion!

But between this revival of hospitals and the dissolution of the old monastic lazar-house there was a terrible gap, a very dark time, in which the sick and the old were sent home to die. Let us imagine for a moment that our great London hospitals were to close to-morrow, the helpless patients sent to squalid, comfortless homes, busy doctors rendering what aid they could gratuitously—what scenes of misery and illness, what spread of infection we should see. And this is what occurred then, only that the doctor of that day was merely a barber who bled, or a herbalist who drugged, and there ensued a misery so acute that the state at last awakened to the need and restored St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Bridewell, Bethlehem and Grey Friars.

Gifts and legacies flowed in upon hospitals from donors as marks of contrition and reparation, new hospitals sprang up, and were constantly being improved and devoted to special diseases, and in the eighteenth century an enormous number of hospitals and charitable institutions were founded, until to-day there is no class of sufferer who has not an institution to which he can turn, while new ones are being constantly added to meet the needs of our large population.

During the last year the lifeboats of the NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION were launched 1,427 times, and saved 709 lives.

Frequent allusions to the seat of war in the Far East were made at the annual missionary breakfast of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY. Religious books in the native dialects are being circulated in Korea and Manchuria, and have influenced thousands of families to Christianity.

Donations amounting to over £1,000 were announced at a drawing-room meeting recently held at Chislehurst, and presided over by the Duchess of Albany, in aid of the ALBANY INSTITUTE, Deptford.

A HOME HOSPITAL

THE LONDON TEMPERANCE IN HAMPSTEAD ROAD

HOMELINESS is, without a doubt, the note of the London Temperance Hospital, and it is a very grateful and not too frequent note. There are magnificent institutions in London doing work that is beyond criticism, in which this note is entirely lacking. You are met with courtesy indeed, but with formal courtesy; everything is shown to you as a palace would be shown by a cicerone. There is no relaxation of the sense of perfect discipline; the staff are perfectly trained and never lapse for a moment from the obedient respect due to the matron, or the doctor, or the secretary. Not a fault is to be found. Yet, somehow, though you are impressed by the work, it leaves you cold, as though you had been watching only the perfect manoeuvres of a well-trained army.

Now after a visit to the Temperance Hospital, although its work is not one whit less faultlessly conducted, you feel you have been passing an hour in the midst of a very happy family circle. You enter the ward as you please. Even if the doctors are occupied with a dressing, the secretary merely says, "I see they are busy here; perhaps we had better not stay." The nurses who are occupied are not annoyed at the presence of a visitor; those who are disengaged for a moment come to tell you something of each patient, not so much with professional interest as with ordinary human sympathy. There is absolutely none of that rigid professional reserve which is to a great extent answerable for the comparatively small interest of the general public in hospital work. It is seldom indeed

that a person who has visited a hospital does not show his sympathy in some practical manner, and voluntary help would be increased tenfold if every one were invited to visit, and made as welcome as at the Temperance Hospital.

One little picture which might well have formed the subject for a "picture of the year" at the Academy brought all this home to me recently. On a balcony, cheerful though soot-covered, sunny and refreshing, though overlooking the eminently prosaic Hampstead

Road, there sat a group that would have appealed to the most indifferent. It was only a small group of three patients enjoying the sunshine; it was not premeditated, for my visit was unexpected, nor was my attention drawn to it, for indeed it was I who drew the at-



A HOMELY GROUP ON THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

tention of the secretary to its pathos and its meaning. An old man with a shrivelled yellow but kindly face sat in a wicker chair watching with the reminiscent gleam of old age the two other figures, a sturdy working man who looked strong enough, but whose mangled legs were resting in splints, and who, with the greatest tenderness, was feeding from a bowl of sops a child of about two years admitted that morning for a minor operation—a child, of course, of the people, and of the very poor people, but with the long, dark, charmingly curved eyelashes that we associate with the Sleeping Beauty or the most expensive waxen dolls. These three had met by the merest chance, yet they might have formed a family portrait of three generations. The great humanizing in-

fluence of a hospital could not have been more aptly illustrated.

In the heart of a poor quarter even this balcony is a boon, but few passers-by know that the hospital has balconies at the back, overlooking the large green playing fields of St. James', where the children of those rows and rows of mean streets round about Euston station play with the



HAMPSTEAD ROAD AT THE PRESENT DAY. (*Showing the Hospital.*)

zest of childhood, followed by the patient gaze of the hospital convalescents on the balcony.

Though they may differ so in their emotional atmosphere, the wards of all hospitals are very much alike. The same cleanliness and freshness suggested by the polished floors, the white coverlets, the open windows, and the masses of flowers, prevail



By Rowlandson]

HAMPSTEAD ROAD IN 1800. (*The Church still stands as shown in the picture above.*)

here as elsewhere. There is an old block and a new block; the old block is just as cheerful and, the secretary tells me, just as serviceable. The new wards are fitted with "all the latest improvements," including the glazed walls that bear the *cachet* of modern approval. To each of the wards is attached a scullery for preparing lighter meals. An outside emergency staircase has also been added. The well-arranged nurses' home inside the building has been given by those Friends, who have proved themselves the friends of all humanity, the Cadbury family, but the home is not now adequate to house the whole nursing staff. A special feature, to me quite new, was a small operation ward, wholly of metal and glass, containing one bed, where patients who have undergone a serious



THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

operation are kept for a few days in the perfect aseptic conditions not obtainable in the ordinary ward. Here, too, we entered unannounced and spoke to a lad who had been operated on a day before, and who, though weak, admitted with a smile that he longed for the companionship of the large ward.

"And now," I asked Mr. Bodger, as we took tea with a charming matron in a charming room heavy with the fragrance of lilies-of-the-valley, "if you had as much money as you wanted, what would you do?"

"Oh, first of all a new out-patients' department," said the secretary.

"And a new dispensary—" said the matron.

"And a larger casualty department—"

"And increased administrative accommodation—"

"And a frontage connecting our outside and inside departments— But don't ask me all we could do if we had money. There is one thing which, though we have not the money, we cannot do without much longer, and that is a new out-patients' department. It consists at present of a vicarage-house, small, dark, uncomfortable, and not connected with the main building by any sort of covered passage."

The circumstances of the hospital, as regards enlargement, are indeed somewhat peculiar. The out-patients' house is separated from the hospital by a church, of which it was once the vicarage, and it is naturally quite inadequate for its work, which last year consisted of 62,000 visits. The ground on which the house stands, as well as the plot of ground in front of the

church (with the proviso that free ingress to the church be always provided), is the property of the hospital, and the necessary rebuilding and improvements, strongly urged by the King's Hospital Fund and backed by grants of £2,000, would cost about £8,000 additional, a sum which, compared with the magnitude of other hospital appeals for perhaps less immediately necessary purposes, seems small enough. This amount would pay for the building of a commodious out-patient department and of a covered passage-way connecting it with the main building. The ideal thing, of course, would be to buy up the church, but this would entail building a new one elsewhere, and the troublesome task of removing the graves which honeycomb the land beneath the church. What the hospital asks for the moment is a respectable out-patient de-

partment to meet its ever-increasing needs in a very poor quarter.

The hospital claims to have established in its thirty years' existence the principles on which it was founded, which were in no wise those of forcible fanatical temperance. It was established to ascertain whether it was possible to treat disease without prescribing alcohol as an article of diet or using it as a drug, except in the most urgent cases, and its excellent records confirm the success of the experiment. Whenever prescribed as necessary by the visiting staff, who, though in sympathy with the principles, may not themselves be pledged to total abstinence, or whenever it holds out the slightest hope of benefit to a patient, alcohol is administered, and in 22,000 cases it has been given to only 64 patients.

WHAT HOSPITAL SUNDAY MEANS

AND WHERE YOUR CONTRIBUTION GOES

WHEN you drop your gold or your silver coin into the plate on Hospital Sunday, you know that in some way it reaches the hospitals. Do you ever wonder why and how, who decides where it shall go, and how much is deducted on the way for expenses?

To take the latter point first, this fund is one of the most economical charities extant. All the work of collecting, advertising, managing, carrying on the offices, &c., costs—thanks to the excellent help of the many voluntary workers—but four per cent of the total, so that for every £100 collected £96 is divided among the hospitals.

Now, in this great competition, where all hospitals clamour for urgent funds, how is this distribution decided? It is no simple matter, as Sir Edmund Hay Currie, the secretary, explained in a recent conversation. There is a special distribution committee consisting of ten members, who spend many anxious hours in apportioning the grants. The claims of all the metropolitan hospitals (except those that admit patients by election only) are duly considered, and the money divided according to the greatest need. But in considering this need many things have to be taken into account. Duly audited reports must be presented and the awards are based more or less on the annual expenditure of each institution after the income, legacies, and expenses of management have been deducted. If the average cost per patient appears to the committee to be excessive—and the cost varies curiously—the hospital is invited to explain by deputation. In this way the fund can act as a teacher of economy without any of that official interference which is sometimes so galling. In addition it helps to check the abuse of hospitals by prosperous patients, by placing good marks against the institutions that employ a watchful out-patient officer.

The whole work of distribution, which last year entailed the division of nearly £50,000 to 209 institutions, is completed within six weeks, for one of the chief aims of the fund is to have as little delay, as little officialism as possible—"no red tape," as Sir Edmund put it. This policy is also seen in the speedy despatch of grants towards the cost of surgical appliances, which is a great feature of the fund's work, and for which five per cent. of the amount collected is set apart. "When the clergyman of a church which collects for us writes for a convalescent letter

or for part of the cost of a surgical appliance," says the Secretary, "we send the letter or the grant, if it lies in our power, by return of post, so that there is no unnecessary and depressing delay."

Birmingham has the credit of first inaugurating the idea of a hospital collection, and the Rev. Dr. Miller, translated to London from that city, induced the metropolitan churches to take it up. In 1873, the first year, 1,072 congregations contributed nearly £26,000; last year, 1,987 congregations contributed £49,000, to which must be added certain donations, and especially the splendid amount (one quarter of the total collected) generously contributed each year by Mr. George Herring. Sir Edmund Currie's ambition is to raise £100,000 every year, and he trusts that this and each succeeding collection will show an increase until the goal is reached.

Some idea of the work of many Hospitals and Charities on which we have no space to touch in this issue, will be gathered from our advertisement pages.

The CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL at Paddington Green has just rendered its annual report, which records 654 in-patients and 1,079 casualty cases. The Convalescent Home at Slough has admitted 139 children during the year.

Miss Finch, the matron of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, at a recent meeting spoke gratefully of the good supply of clothing for the patients received through the Ladies' Association.

The FIELD LANE REFUGES have helped to employment during the last year 275 persons. The ragged schools have had nearly 50,000 attendances, and the lucky prize-winners received their rewards from Princess Christian at the annual meeting of the Society last month.

At the MISSIONS TO SEAMEN meeting in May, Captain Dawson reported that the income was now six times as large as thirty years ago. A gratifying saving of expense has resulted from the incorporation of the Thames Church Mission with this Society.

Cancer was again the subject of discussion at a meeting held at Derby House last month, where Lord Sandhurst urged the claims of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL wing devoted to that disease. Dr. Pearce Gould declared that sometimes cancer cases got well spontaneously, which encouraged the medical profession in their search for a cure.

The largest number on their record of critical operations, viz. 352, was undertaken at the CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN during the last year, with the satisfactory result of also having the lowest rate of mortality (under 2 per cent.). The Hospital, at its recent annual meeting, expressed thanks to their anonymous benefactress, H. M. E., to whom they are now indebted for over £7,000.

THE ORPHANED CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

AT WEST NORWOOD

FROM time immemorial the Jewish community has held fast together. Hence the remarkable preservation in our midst of a distinct racial type through countless generations, so that one may meet in the streets any day the face that early painters gave to Moses. The Jews are jealous of their birthright, and feel their common brotherhood more than perhaps any other race. Help is freely given, and if the Jews are money-makers, they are also liberal money-spenders. Week after week they leave large bequests to charities, and not only to charities connected with their faith. Year after year the lists of hospital subscribers include many Jewish benefactors, and it is said that in this way no poor Jew is ever unable to obtain a hospital letter. The Jewish Board of Guardians, a body supported wholly by the voluntary help of the Hebrew community, deals with all cases of distress, and it is rare for a Jew to apply for parish relief or for his children to go to the workhouse. He is usually thrifty and hard-working, and his need is great indeed before he asks for alms; and then his own people come to the rescue. Misfortune is in this way kept in the family. The friendless child who has lost one or both parents, even the child whose living parents are too poor to support it, is admitted—in the proportionately few cases where distant relatives or friends do not come to the rescue—to the Jews' Orphan Asylum on Knights Hill. That this solitary establishment, which accommodates 350 children, has until

recently sufficed for the large Jewish population of Great Britain, speaks eloquently for their thriftiness and kindness. But now, with the increase of population, through births and through immigration, the need for further accommodation is urgent, and for eighteen recent vacancies there were ninety-two applicants.

But with an annual expenditure of over £11,000, of which only £6,000 can be depended on, the Council naturally hesitate to risk further obligations. One scheme has been mooted which would benefit about forty-five additional children with comparatively small outlay. The Home has in Margate a branch establishment (presented by Mr. Isaac Davis) where for the summer months the children are sent in batches for a fortnight's change. "Almost a luxury," as Mr. Spero,

the acting secretary, said, "for our children keep so remarkably healthy in the bracing air of Norwood Hill. But change from inland to sea air is good for everyone, and so the Margate Home is open three months in the summer. For the other nine it lies fallow. Now for



TEA IN THE HALL OF THE JEWS' ORPHAN ASYLUM.

about an additional £1,000 a year we could keep forty-five very young children at Margate and bring them to Norwood for a change, while our children used the Margate Home, in fact have an Infant Orphan Asylum. That would help with the more immediate pressure in our Home. But I foresee a time coming when we shall have to move into the country into a much larger house with wider playing fields than at present, and our site at Norwood, which has grown tremendously in value during the last ten or twenty years, will pay a great part of the expenditure involved."

A move into the country might form the final

chapter of an eventful history. The Orphans' Home sprang from the charity of very poor people in the East End, who, about 1830, gave their ill-spared mites to support the children of friends struck down by cholera. So many needed help that in the following year a small house was taken in the Tenter Ground; the charity found generous supporters, and in 1878 it amalgamated with an older Jewish charity, the Jews' Hospital, which had been started in 1795, and some years later had become a Home for supporting distressed Jews. The Home on Norwood Hill, the site of which was given by the late Mr. Barnett Meyers, is devoted entirely to children, while the relief work of the older hospital is carried on by means of pensions of £31 10s., given to twelve poor aged Jews. Admission is by votes, and very carefully safeguarded, but an excellent rule ordains that no orphan child who has lost both parents shall ever be refused. The building is large and has a commanding view, and inside everything is light and clean, and if somewhat bare, this

does not detract from the healthful life of the children. The charity is not in a position to give them luxury, but it gives them cleanliness, good food, plenty of exercise, and a thorough training, and the money spent on each child usually brings a good return in the shape of a well-trained, self-supporting citizen. There are at present 186 boys and 139 girls; the former are kept till the age of fourteen, and then apprenticed to some trade; the girls are trained in laundry and domestic work and sent out into the world at the age of fifteen. But with this good start the work of the Home does not cease. No child leaves the Orphanage until the management itself has found both a position and a home, and supervision by visitors

is exercised until the boy or girl has become a man or woman of twenty years of age. Most have turned out well, and many are now well-known names in the business world.

The girls are sent to service or apprenticed to millinery or some kindred trade, but as a rule they marry early, another testimony to their training! What strikes a visitor most on passing through is the attitude of the children; happy and unrestrained without being boisterous; well mannered without being shy. They come running unaffectedly at the Secretary's call, and speak to him as to some relative; there is none of the sullen, polite, woodenness which is engendered by a joyless upbringing. "The one thing"—I again quote the Secretary—"which we aim

at is to prevent any child feeling that it is the object of charity." And the demeanour of the children is proof of the attainment of this aim, as any visitor is invited to see for himself during working hours. The Home is conveniently situated, its entrance be-



THE BOYS' BAND.

ing exactly opposite West Norwood station. Many whose work takes them from the Crystal Palace to Victoria have admired the fine building on the hill, without knowing that it represents the spirit of charity among the Jews towards the poor and the fatherless.

Good friends the Home has had in plenty, notably Sir Marcus Samuel and Sir George Faudel Phillips, who was instrumental in collecting £23,000 in 1895, and the charity, which originated with the kindness of the very poor, still owes some £300 or £400 a year to them, collected in penny subscriptions. But £1,000 a year additional is required for forty-five waiting children, and then one day soon the big house in the country will be wanted.

CHATS WITH MATRONS

Miss G. M. THOROLD, of the Middlesex

TO walk through all the wards of the Middlesex Hospital every morning, stopping beside each bed with a kind word, is no slight task, and Miss Thorold, who begins her day in this manner, has little specified free time, and often finds her duties occupying the whole day, and sometimes much of the night. It is no uncommon thing for her to attend an operation after midnight, and retire to sleep at 3 a.m., while her hour of rising is always seven.

When not visiting the wards, Miss Thorold sits in her dainty little room in the very heart of the building with wards to right and wards to left, wards above and beneath her. Here I was received, but my respite was not long, for I had called in the middle of the morning visits, and if I wished to chat, I must accompany the Lady Superintendent on the rest of her

round. It is interesting work, this ward-visiting, but saddening and tiring. Most saddening when so many hopeless cases are to be seen, as in the Cancer Ward of the Middlesex, which forms, under a separate matron, a kind of little special hospital in which Miss Thorold takes particular interest, being as anxious to find the elusive remedy as any of the patient workers in the

research laboratory. Everything is tried, and so far everything has failed in severe cases, but the medical

staff are ever hopeful. No time is now wasted over such "cures" as are described in the interesting historical booklet of this Cancer Charity. Among other remedies doctors seriously considered a century ago were mesmerism, applications of dock leaves, rose leaves, and turnip juice, chopped young frog, carrots, and red onions! The water of a certain mineral spring at the village of Holt, near Bradford-on-Avon, was thought so efficacious in cases of cancer that bottles of it were given away at the hospital. The writer of the chronicles, who himself devoutly believed in this cure, naively tells us that a house surgeon, to conceal his remissness in not ordering a supply, filled the usual bottles with ordinary water, and "the effects were

so similar to those of the Holt water that he continued to employ it and to gain instruction in his profession!"

From the wards we passed to the Nurses' Home, which has charmingly-furnished cosy bedrooms for each nurse. Here the mysteries were unfolded to me of the grey and the violet and the mauve uniforms. The latter colour distinguishes the sisters,



MISS G. M. THOROLD.

while the paying probationers are known by a violet ribbon round their caps. "We have 110 nurses," said Miss Thorold, "also ten sisters and about fifteen paying probationers. They undergo just the same training as the ordinary nurses, but they come on duty an hour later and leave an hour earlier. They also have a little more free time. They have their own dining-table and their own sitting-room. If any of our lady probationers proves herself fit after a year's training, we place her on the staff and give her a salary of £18 and the next year £20, so that in the three years she has earned back £38 of the £50 she paid at the beginning. What sort of positions do the lady nurses take? Well, naturally they are better fitted for superior posts; some become sisters here, some become matrons or assistant matrons elsewhere, some go in for private nursing, and some start nursing homes of their own. But for general hospital or private work, not involving any managing capacity, I have often heard the opinion expressed that the ordinary nurse is best. People find, perhaps, that the lady nurse exacts too much attention, or that there is a certain reluctance on the part of private patients to ask her to perform the little extra duties which often devolve upon the nurse in small households. We also have an institute of nurses sent out to private cases, who work in the wards when disengaged, and who are paid a fixed salary and in addition a percentage, rising as high as one quarter, of their earnings."

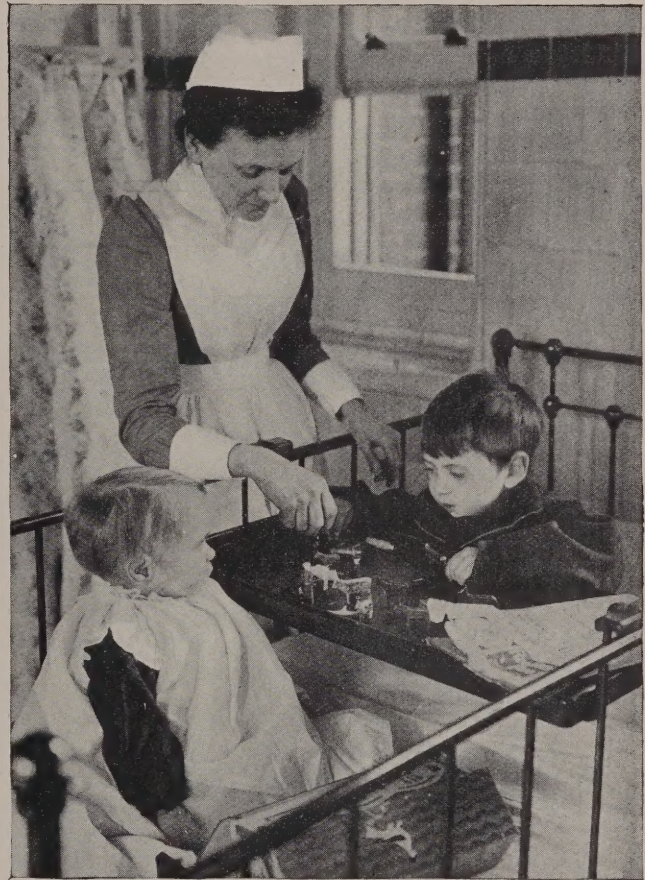
Miss Thorold trained at University College Hospital for the purpose of helping to nurse in the parish of which her father was vicar, but fate led her to take holiday duty for a friend as matron of the Middlesex Hospital for three successive years, and what more natural than that on her friend's departure she was invited to take the position she has now occupied for thirty years? Thus a country parish lost a useful nurse, but a great London hospital gained a wise directress. When she works, she works thoroughly and untiringly, and her duties are her life; when she plays—or in other words, takes her holidays, she does that thoroughly too, and travels as far as time allows into a totally different atmosphere. She has wandered to the Holy Land, Egypt, Greece, Constantinople, Russia, Spain, and America, and has only just returned from a holiday in Corsica. It is to this absolute change of surroundings every year that Miss Thorold attributes her unflinching vigour.

The French Ambassador presided at the annual dinner held at the Hotel Cecil of the FRENCH HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, which is open free to foreigners of all nations.

THE CHILDREN'S WARD

BY HONNOR MORTEN

VISITORS are always taken to see the children's ward; for if there is any sympathy or unselfishness in a man or woman, it is bound to respond to the sight of suffering childhood under alleviation. For the children's ward is no place of silent anguish or howling cries: children are just the nicest patients to nurse that it is possible to conceive. They don't think about the past, and they are not anxious about



CHILD LIFE IN THE BELGRAVE HOSPITAL.

the future; and if, for the time being, they are not in great pain, or their wounds are not being dressed, they are just as cheery and merry as small folk can be. "The little people," as Pett Ridge calls them in his soft voice, are very dear to the hearts of most of us; that nurse is a curmudgeon indeed who ever speaks harshly to a child patient or does not respond brightly to the "Hullo!" of a small convalescent.

It is, of course, quite to be expected of women that they should love children, and many an aching heart has found peace by service for the child, and many a perplexed soul has discovered new light in the know-

ledge that the child is the Future, and that even if one's own life is spoiled there are other lives around one that can be helped or sheltered. But though every matron has confidently sent a troubled nurse to find relief amongst the Little People, it is not generally known how the doctors and students also love the children's ward. Especially the students: the young fellows exiled from their country homes and dwelling in London lodgings and in dreary surroundings; given up to studies that they will not admit disgust or hurt them, ever hardening their hearts and dulling their senses, what relief if a kindly "sister" will let them linger in the children's ward!

It is so good for some young dresser to be called "my doctor" with the complete confidence that only childhood can give, and it is essential for the youth who means to become a general practitioner to understand and be able to play with children if he would not be an object of scorn to the mothers of his practice.

On one occasion when the visiting physician entered the ward, followed by his crowd of students, he saw a new case waiting him—a little shrivelled up bit of a

skeleton of a baby only a few months old. "What is wrong with this child?" he asked the nurse who was still engaged in getting the baby to bed. "The mother says the child is 'wasting away,'" replied the nurse—and you will note she was an experienced nurse and merely repeated the mother's words. The physician turned to one of his students, "Smith, wait and examine the child, and tell me when I return what you believe to be the cause of 'wasting,'" said the physician, and passed on. When he returned the eager student anxiously waited the "Well?" "Oh please sir," he replied, "I have found out what is wrong with this baby; it has *got no teeth!*" Well, of course, the most ignorant woman knows better than that young man, so far as the fact of babies being born without teeth goes—but seldom has enough logical faculty to act on the

knowledge and feed the toothless babe with food that needs no biting. Half the babies that go to the medical ward, go because their parents will feed them on "a bit o' what we 'as oursels," or because they are kept sucking dirty "comforters." Whenever a father is found giving a baby a "comforter" to suck, he ought to be made to sit down and pull at an empty pipe for half-an-hour, then he would learn why a baby cries when it gets "the wind."

Poor little kiddies! they suffer a good deal, both from their mothers and fathers.

There was one little maid somewhat sorry for herself on her first entrance into the great clean ward, and so the sister picked up the big, patient cat and put it in the crib for the child to play with; and the knuckles came out of the eyes and the wee hands began to stroke pussy, and "muvver" was forgotten

for the time being. Presently the little maid looked up at the sister and said, "Pussy's snoring!"

"No," said the sister, "pussy is warm and comfy and happy, and pussy is purring."

After a few minutes' consideration, the child remarked quietly, "My

daddy purrs." Remembering how often the wee waifs come from "homes" of one room or two rooms, and how often they sleep four or five to a room, one couldn't help thinking that there were some objections to a daddy who "purred!"

In the clean air and the light of the hospital ward, with the clean clothing and good food the children develop wonderfully, and their cures seem little short of miracles. And it is work so well worth doing! Any nurse will acknowledge that at times it scarcely seems worth while to patch up the poor tired-out grown-ups and send them forth to toil through a few more painful years. But these children! you never know what they may not grow into,—on their cure, on their good health, rests the coming race. We hear so much just now about the physical degeneration of the people, but when you've got a



SOME LITTLE PEOPLE AT THE BELGRAVE HOSPITAL.

weedy youth or a stunted maiden, it is too late to try and alter them to any great extent. You must begin with the baby—see it is properly fed, properly trained, properly nursed, and that incipient ills are ousted, and any childish disease promptly attended to and cured. Last June Sir John Gorst told the House of Commons, “the rising generation of children is rotten.” Perhaps if we recognized more fully our duty towards these sick children, if we saw more of what can be done for them in the children’s ward, we might this June help to falsify Sir John’s words—to his delight.

Sir A. Moore, late Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope station, commended the work of the UNIVERSITIES MISSION to Central Africa at their annual meeting recently. He urged that greater attention be given to training the natives in various trades, and remarked that the health of the lady workers was not of the best. The mission has over 5,000 children in its schools and over 13,000 adult adherents.

One of the many societies for teaching poor children and rescuing criminals is the GREY’S YARD CHURCH AND SCHOOL, which held its annual meeting last month.

The work embraces ragged schools, mission services, clubs, and holiday funds.

The Rev. E. D. Morley, Chaplain, writes to say that Whittington College in Highgate, mentioned in our last number, is only for widows and spinsters over fifty-five years of age, who are allowed £40 a year and various extras.

MR. ROBERT DAVIDSON, of 18, Alfred Place West, South Kensington, has left £500 to the Hospital Sunday Fund, and £250 to the Waifs and Strays Society.

THE LATE MR. ADRIAN HOPE

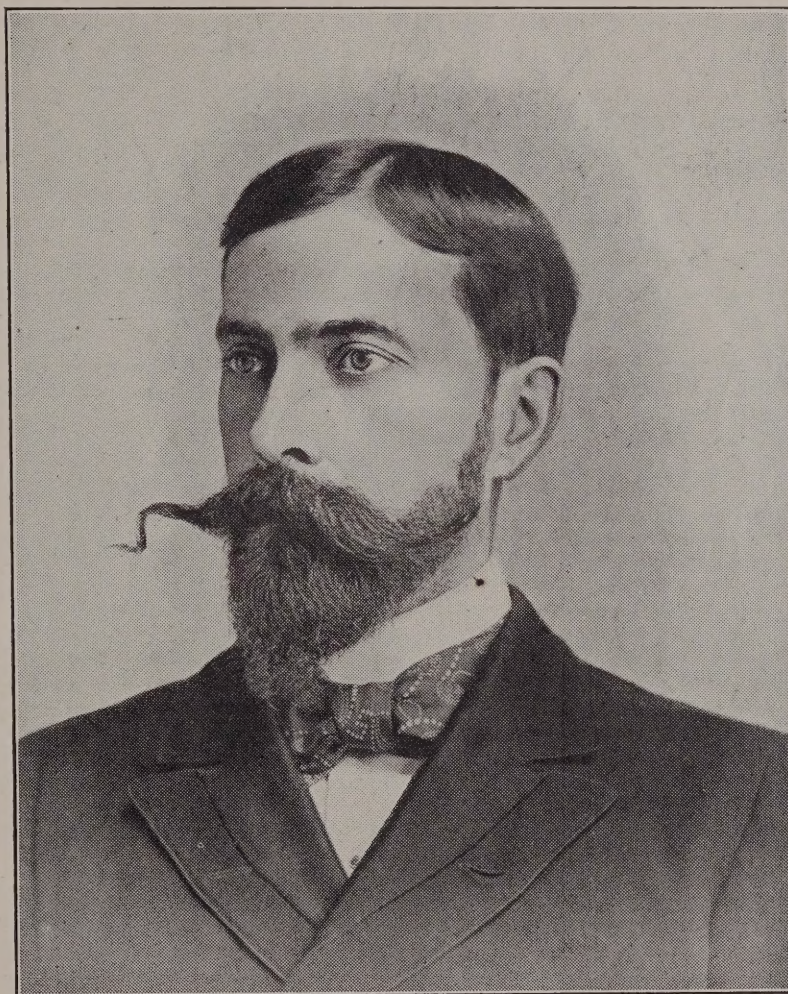
EVERY ONE who knows anything at all of the hospital world will have noted with regret the death, last month, of Mr. Adrian Hope, Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Mr. Hope was an energetic and strenuous secretary, who by his own efforts during his nineteen years’ service, doubled the income of the institution and raised the Endowment Fund from £6,000 to £55,000, and it will be a hard task to find a successor of similar aptitude.

One of his colleagues at the hospital, in deploring his loss, spoke of his uniform courtesy. “Essentially was he a gentleman, and he knew how to interest patrons, from royalty downwards, in the hospital, and, what is more important, to induce them to show this interest by liberal donations. Another great point in his character was his tact. Never was there the slightest friction with any of his committees, because he knew how to treat different elements and keep everything working smoothly.”

To this Journal Mr. Hope was from the first a helpful

and sympathetic friend, and he made several valuable suggestions. He often stated that he would watch its career with great interest, and it was far from his mind and ours that it would be our duty in the fifth issue to write of him as a lost friend.

At the annual meeting of the ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM, it was resolved that no more girls be admitted to the institution.



THE LATE MR. ADRIAN HOPE.

RECREATION FOR POOR WORKERS

THE ENDEAVOURS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LEAGUE

A NOTABLE French writer, in answer to the reporter's customary question, recently stated that the thing which struck him most in the larger English cities was the utter drabness of the worker's life, a condition of things, he said frankly, that would drive him to suicide. Doubtless he could have shaken our insular conceit—had he not been polite—by showing that the Continental worker, whom we often regard as servile and underpaid, had open to him much innocent inexpensive amusement that is deplorably absent in our arrangements.

This does not refer so much to married men and women with homes that are happy and comfortable, or could be made so. To a tired working man the prospect of evening spent in a cosy home, with wife and children, may naturally be so alluring that he wants no external pleasures. But the boys and girls who work, aged from fourteen to twenty or more, they cry out for pleasure, and no amount of preaching will stifle the cry. The need of the human being, and especially the hard-worked human being, for relaxation, for brightness, for jollity, is a natural and harmless need that cannot be gainsaid. But our cities, wealthy, modern, liberal as they are, stand far behind the Continent in this respect. What are the boys and girls to do when they leave their work for a dismal lodging, or a home of one or two rooms overcrowded with younger children waiting to be put to bed? We cannot expect them to attend lectures, to consent to be educated every evening, and the only amusements, the theatre or music hall, are too costly to

be often indulged in. Being human, and not a saint, the boy usually divides his time lounging about the streets, smoking cigarettes, or talking with his friends in a public-house. The girl, who is human too, though she is a girl, also "larks" in the street or the public-house. No other resource is open to them, and from this beginning it is but natural that they slide, against their better instincts, into dissipation, hooliganism, crime and vice. The false cheeriness, the noise,

warmth, and glitter of a public-house is more seductive than a cold room, a museum, or a walk in the chill evening air.

We can never empty the public-houses by preaching or by law; the only means is by providing a rival equally attractive but less costly and less dangerous. That is the result of the most modern



SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF GIRLS WHO WANT YOU TO PROVIDE CLUBS FOR THEM.

enlightened inquiries, and its tangible outcome is the Club. In all parts clubs are being founded, where comfort and amusement are provided, with instructive classes or lectures as a kind of side-show for those who are not too tired to attend. In connection with the clubs there are cadet corps, entertainments, sports, classes, homes,—all the good works that spring from the needs of the club members. But the Club is usually the nucleus. The boy who would refuse to leave the street in order to hear a lecture, will soon interest himself, when he has learnt to appreciate the comforts of a club, in what is going on around him. All reformatory, all educational work must be gradual and non-coercive to be successful.

For some years, various clubs and societies have

been working in the poorer parishes; Church clubs, boys' brigades, outdoor clubs, associations for weekly games or talks or classes—all these have been doing much good in a quiet way. But it is not enough. For every club at present established, there is urgent



"THE RAW MATERIAL."

need for half a dozen others. A club has limits, but the population of our poorer districts seems to have none! The cheery pleasant clubs that have been opened are fully attended, and act as remarkably successful civilizing agents, but there are hundreds of boys and girls waiting for new clubs. So greatly are they appreciated that it is a grievance with the lads and girls in certain districts that they have as yet no social meeting-place for themselves. To knit together and help all these existing agencies, to add to their number, to enlist the personal and monetary sympathy of the West End in the poor districts, there was established in 1901 a society aptly termed the Twentieth Century League. Perhaps its inception was partly due to the great discussion at that time on Hooliganism. To reform the hooligan was too weighty a task, but to prevent his existence, to stop the supply, in fact, was the good purpose that actuated the promoters. The objects being for the common good of all, naturally found sympathizers in every denomination; so that we have on the council of the League Anglican Bishops, nonconformist clergymen, Roman Catholic prelates, and a Jewish rabbi. All the great agencies struggling with the

problem of the young in our poor districts, welcomed the formation of this kind of central board, and have since had cause to thank it for much-needed help.

In its last Report we find under the heads of the different districts just what is being done by the League itself, or by other societies, and just what needs to be done. In the barest words we read the needs, such as:—

"*Battersea*.—Two companies of the Boys' Brigade have recently been suspended; in one case for want of proper accommodation, and in the other for the want of a suitable captain. This means about sixty lads cast adrift."

This Report, which will be sent to anyone interested, from the office of the League, 28, Victoria Street, S.W., will show at a glance how anyone wishing to help can work among the poor. Men workers are harder to obtain than women, we learn from the Secretary, and funds—well, funds are always needed, and there is plenty of work to be done—£10 will pay a year's rent of club premises; or will buy swimming-bath tickets for boys and girls after their work, or will provide a meal and an entertainment for them—in short, will prevent the manufacture of a certain number of hooligans. The Council of the League



SOME GIRLS WHO HAVE JOINED A CLUB.

appeals this year for £3,000—not a very large sum! But this will enable each of the twenty-eight Borough Committees to receive a grant of £100, to meet the most pressing of the constant applications that come before them.

CORRESPONDENCE

HOSPITAL SABBATH

To The EDITOR,

SIR,—I willingly address a message to the members of the Jewish community, through the medium of this Journal, in view of the approaching Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund Collection.

It has been computed that every year nearly 90,000 inhabitants of the Metropolis, a great majority of whom are poor, are struck down by illness or by an accident. "Men groan from out of the city, and the soul of the wounded crieth out." What would be the fate of these hapless sufferers if we did not possess our hospitals, in which, by the care of wise physicians, and the tending of gentle nurses, they are, by Divine blessing, restored to health? The population of London is steadily growing. The cost of efficiently maintaining these homes of mercy is continually increasing, owing to the beneficent progress in medical and surgical science. The devoted managers of these institutions are harassed by continuous anxiety how to meet the expenditure.

The ensuing Hospital Sabbath, therefore, addresses its imperious call to every individual who can afford his mite. It is especially incumbent upon the members of the Jewish community to contribute generously, in recognition of the uniform kindness and consideration extended to our Jewish patients. The Brompton Chest Hospital has just arranged, as has been done by several other hospitals, to set apart a male and a female ward for the use of Hebrew patients, who will thus be enabled to observe their dietary precepts. Our gracious King, a few years ago, established a League of Mercy, with the object of inducing those who had hitherto held aloof, to contribute regularly to the support of the medical charities, and to encourage personal service for the relief of suffering. In such League of Mercy we have all been enlisted, for our Heavenly Father has bidden us, "Be merciful, even as He is merciful." He calls upon us "to consider the poor,"—and who so poor as he that is stretched on a bed of languishing? He has commanded us, "Deliver those that are drawn unto death, and rescue them that are ready to be slain."

Yours faithfully,

H. ADLER, Chief Rabbi.

COMING EVENTS

(We shall be pleased to receive announcements for this column)

June 7 and 8. Invalid Children's Aid Association Conference at the Guildhall. (Particulars from the Secretary, 8, Henrietta Street, W.C.)

June 8, 9 and 10. Grand Bazaar at Prince's Skating Rink, in aid of the HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN AND ST. ELIZABETH.

June 9. Meeting of the Twentieth Century League at Stafford House, 4 p.m.

June 20. WATERLOO HOSPITAL FESTIVAL DINNER, Savoy Hotel, Duke of Argyle presiding.

June 21, 22 and 23. Grand Bazaar at the Albert Hall in aid of the VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

June 21. Jubilee Dinner at the Hotel Metropole of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Marquis of Northampton presiding. (Apply, the Secretary, 106, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.)

June 22. Anniversary Festival Dinner of the Orphan Working School, presided over by the Prince of Wales. (Particulars from the Secretary, 73, Cheapside, E.C.)

June 28. Sale of inmates' work at the ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, Putney Heath.

June 30. Matinée of Purcell's "Masque of Love" at the Queen Street Theatre, at 3 p.m., in aid of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association.

July 1. Concert and Dance at Stafford House, 10 p.m., in aid of the POTTERIES CRIPPLES' GUILD.

July 5. Entertainment, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, at His Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the BRITISH OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL, Jerusalem.

There are many special charities doing good work that is little known to the public. The ROYAL GARDENERS' ORPHAN FUND, which held its annual dinner recently under the presidency of Sir Trevor Lawrence, now supports about 100 children at a cost of over £1,000 a year.

Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P., presided at the recent annual meeting of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCRIPTURE READERS' SOCIETY. The visits paid during the year were 423,000, and one noteworthy branch of the work is a boys' club of 300 members in the rough part of St. Pancras.

A Sale of Work was held in May at Wimborne House, in aid of a convalescent home at Birchington in connection with the CHURCH SISTERS' HOME, a community of ladies working in poor parishes.

**HOSPITAL
AND
SICK-ROOM
REQUISITES**

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO
THEIR MAJESTIES



THE KING
And QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

(Late of
Leicester Square.)

WARD

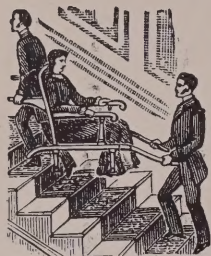
(Late of
Leicester Square.)

==WARD'S Invalid Chair Manufactory,==
246 and 247, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

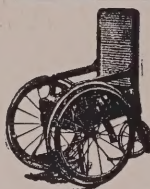
To His Majesty the King, Queen Alexandra, the late Queen & Royal Family.

INVALIDS' COMFORTS.

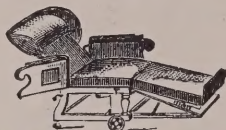
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No. 14 is the simplest and best constructed Chair for carrying Invalids up or down stairs.



No. 47A. Ward's Self-propelling Chair may be used with ease by a child of eight.



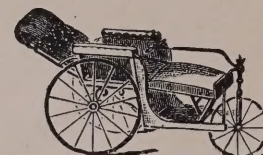
No. 11. Ward's Improved Recumbent Chair, the most luxurious Invalid Chair made.



No. 61A. Our New Patent Combination Graduating Ventilating Mechanical Couch. These Couches vary in size from 2 feet to 3 feet wide.



No. 19. Ward's Three-Wheel Victoria Bath Chair, with hood and glass shutter.



No. 21c. The back of this Chair is made to recline to any angle, and, with leg-rest fitted, an Invalid may lie at full length.

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GARROULD'S FOR ALL
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NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made for the insertion, from time to time, of Hospital and Institutional Tenders for supply of Goods, etc., to which the attention of the Trade is directed.

CONTRACTS for PROVISIONS.—TENDERS for three or six months, from July 1st, 1904, for the SUPPLY of MEAT, bread, flour, greengrocery, fish, poultry, bacon, cheese, butter, milk and eggs, to University College Hospital and Nursing Home, will be received until Saturday, June 18th next. Forms of Tender may be obtained upon application to the Steward at the Hospital. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

CONTRACT for COALS.—TENDERS are invited for the SUPPLY of SMOKELESS STEAM and HOUSE COAL to University College Hospital, Gower Street, W.C., for twelve months from July 1st, 1904, and will be received until Saturday, June 18th. Full particulars upon application to the Steward. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE), Fulham Road, S.W.—The Committee of Management are prepared to receive TENDERS for the SUPPLY of MEAT, bread, groceries, cheesemongery, fish, milk, ale and stout, coal and potatoes. Forms of Tender, which must be returned filled in on or before noon, June 7th, can be obtained from the undersigned.

FRED. W. HOWELL, Secretary.

LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL, Hampstead Road, N.W.—May 17th, 1904.—The Board of Management invite TENDERS for the SUPPLY of COAL and COKE for the twelve months ending July 31st, 1905. Tender forms and other particulars may be had on application to the Secretary,

A. W. BODGER.

THE PERFECT WHEAT FOODS. DAINTY, NOURISHING.

"FAROLA is immeasurably superior to arrowroot, corn flour, sago, &c. With milk it forms exquisite puddings, and in the nursery it will prove a valuable variety which children will take with avidity."—*Liverpool Medico-Chirurgical Journal*.

FAROLA

"An ideal form of giving farinaceous food with milk."—*A London Physician*.

Awarded Gold Medals at the two important International Exhibitions held in 1886—Edinburgh and Liverpool—two years before any imitations were in the market.

FAROLA is a highly refined preparation of Wheat, which conserves all the nutritive elements and fine flavour naturally belonging to the purest part of the grain. All irritating and indigestible matter has been removed by careful treatment, mechanical means only being employed.

FAROLA will satisfy a robust appetite, but it is specially suited for invalids and children.

CEROLA

Is similar in constitution and purity to Farola, but is in the form of large granules, and is therefore specially suited for making such dishes as Porridge, Steamed Pudding, &c.

Samples will be sent free to Nurses and Members of the Medical Profession.

Send Post Card for Descriptive Book with Recipes (post free).

JAMES MARSHALL (Glasgow), Ltd.,
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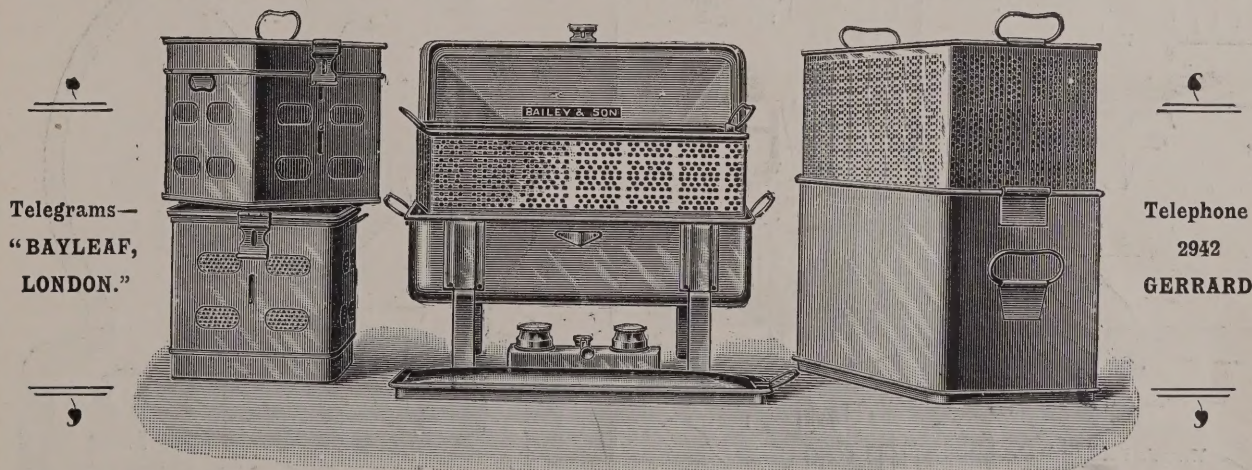
Do you know that by mixing one part of Brown & Polson's "Paisley Flour" with six to eight parts of ordinary flour, you can make your own bread, cakes, and pastry, quickly and successfully at home? "Paisley Flour" mixes readily with ordinary flour, and makes a light and evenly raised cake or scone, it also gives a pleasant flavour to everything and it is so simple to use, that baking with it has been well called 'the easy method.' With

BROWN & POLSON'S "PAISLEY FLOUR"

even beginners get good results.

Bailey's Aseptic Hospital Furniture

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BAILEY'S Special Improved STERILIZER (Schimmelbusch's) for Instruments and Dressing complete, including 2 large Boxes for Dressings, Lamp or Gas Burner, £5 10

Size, 16½ inches long by 8½ inches wide, entire depth 17 inches.

W. H. BAILEY & SON, Manufacturers of Surgical Instruments, Hospital & Sick Nursing Appliances, Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Abdominal Belts, &c.
38, OXFORD STREET, LONDON ... For Surgical Instruments and Appliances.
2, RATHBONE PLACE, LONDON ... For Hospital and Invalid Furniture.

A Nutritive Substance is not always a Digestible one.

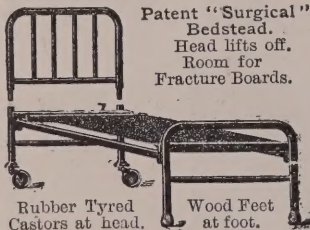
Sample Free on application,

Mellin's Food

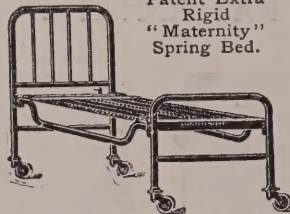
*Mellin's Food, Ltd.,
Peckham, London, S.E.*

however is both, and has become the Standard, because it is Real Food—a food that Feeds.

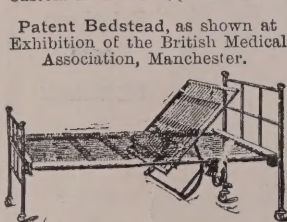
FOR Hospitals, Infirmarys, Workhouses, Surgical and Nurses' Homes, Schools, Convents, &c.



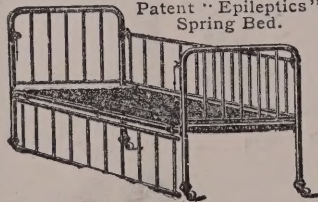
Patent "Surgical" Bedstead.
Head lifts off.
Room for Fracture Boards.



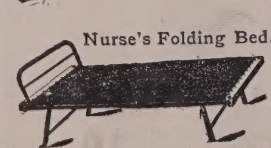
Patent Extra Rigid "Maternity" Spring Bed.



Patent Bedstead, as shown at Exhibition of the British Medical Association, Manchester.



Patent "Epileptics" Spring Bed.



Nurse's Folding Bed.

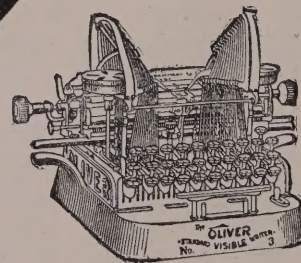


Bed Rest.

Royal Infirmary, and Colinton Mains Hospital, Edinburgh; Asylums: Aberdeen, Banff, Leicester, &c.; Hospitals: St. Mary's, Manchester; Guy's, London; Workhouses: Kensington, Prestwich, Southampton, and many other Institutions were furnished in 1903-1904 by the Trade with CHORLTON'S BEDS, &c.

Catalogue, with List of Institutions supplied by the Furnishing Trades with CHORLTON'S BEDS, etc., sent on application to the Sole Manufacturers—ISAAC CHORLTON & CO.,

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VISITING * DAYS



* FOR * THE * GENERAL * PUBLIC *

WE wish most earnestly to impress upon the general public, so many of whom are desirous but diffident of visiting hospitals and charitable institutions, the fact that they will be heartily welcomed by the authorities. It is popularly supposed that only friends of patients are admitted, but this view is quite erroneous, and in this connection we may mention that at the following institutions among others any interested visitor will be gladly received at the hours named:—

Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease. Any day except Sunday, from 2 to 4.

Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, S.W. Any day from 2 to 4 except Wednesdays and Saturdays. Ask for Miss Barwell or the Secretary.

British Home for Incurables, Streatham. Any day at the usual hours.

Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. Any day. Ask for the Secretary or Matron.

Chelsea Hospital for Women, Fulham Road, S.W. Every day between 10 and 12, or 3 and 5. Ask for the Secretary or Matron.

East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, E. Every day between 11 and 5. Ask for the Secretary.

Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. Any day from 2 to 4. Ask for the Matron.

German Hospital, Dalston, N.E. Any day. Ask for the Secretary or Matron.

Holiday Home for Business Women, Babbacombe. Any afternoon from 3 to 5.

Homes for Working Boys in London (Office: 12, Buckingham Street, Strand). Any day except Sunday.

Homes for Working Girls (Office: 3, Victoria Street, S.W.). Between 3 and 5, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C. Every day from 2 to 4, except Sunday. Ask for the Matron.

Liverpool Royal Infirmary. Sundays and Wednesdays, 3 to 4.30.

London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E. Any time on application to the Secretary or Matron.

London Temperance Hospital. Any time on application to Secretary or Matron.

M.A.B.Y.S. Homes (Office: 18, Buckingham Street, Strand). Any time.

Marine Society's Training Ship "Warspite," Greenwich. Any day except Friday and Saturday.

Metropolitan Convalescent Homes, Walton-on-Thames, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Broadstairs. Any day. Ask for the Lady Superintendent.

Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption, Hampstead. Any day between 2 and 5. Ask for the Medical Officer or Matron.

National Orphan Home, Ham Common. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, between 12 and 6. Ask for the Matron.

National Refuges Home and Training Ships. Any week-day on presentation of visiting card.

National Society for the Protection of Young Girls (Princess Louise Home), Norbiton, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Any week-day except Saturday. Ask for Matron.

North-West London Hospital, Kentish Town Road, N.W. Daily between 2 and 5. Ask for Miss Learmouth, the hon. resident Lady Superintendent.

Orthopædic Hospital and Home for Crippled Children, Redland, Bristol. Any afternoon between 3 and 5, except Saturday.

Paddington Green Children's Hospital. Every day from 2 to 4.

Princess Mary Village Homes, Addlestone, Surrey. Any day except Sunday, from 2 to 5. Ask for Miss Parry.

Railway Servants' Orphanage, Derby. Every day except Friday and Sunday. Ask for the Secretary.

Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Home, Belvedere, Kent. At all hours.

Royal Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb Poor, Margate. Every Thursday, 3 to 5.

Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 3 to 5. Ask for the Secretary or Matron.

Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, S.E. First Thursday in the month, from 3.15 to 5.15, except August, September, and January. Cards of admission forwarded on application.

Royal Orthopædic Hospital, 297, Oxford Street, W. Every day except Sunday. Ask for the Secretary or Matron.

Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge Road, S.E. Any day.

Sailors' Orphan Girls' Home, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W. Any time. Ask for the Superintendent.

St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Uxbridge Road, W. Any time. Ask for the Matron.

St. Mary's Hospital for Sick Children, Plaistow, E. Any day between 2 and 4. Ask for Mr. Glenton, Secretary.

Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W. Any day except Sunday.

St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment. Any time. Ask for the Secretary or the Treasurer at the Counting-house.

The Orphans' (Miss Sharman's) Home, West Square, S.E. Thursday afternoon. Ask for the Matron.

Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, S.W. Daily between 2 and 4.

(Secretaries are invited to send us particulars for this column.)

LONDON Temperance Hospital,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.

President: SIR GEORGE LIVESEY.

Chairman: T. VEZEY STRONG, Esq.,
ALDERMAN CITY OF LONDON.

Founded in 1873 for the Medical and Surgical Treatment of Patients without the ordinary administration of Alcohol.

Patients admitted during 1903 numbered 1,376, and from the foundation of the Hospital 22,056. Alcohol having been administered in only 64 cases.

Visits amounting to 62,377 were paid to the Out-patient and Casualty Departments during 1903.

1903

Ordinary Income . . . £6,260 | Ordinary Expenditure . . . £10,685

The balance being met by special bequests and by drawing on the small reserve fund.

Annual subscriptions, sufficient to meet the ordinary expenditure, would be most gratefully acknowledged.

THE MOST URGENT NEED

of the Hospital is increased Out-patient accommodation. The old Vicarage-house, used at present for this purpose, is totally inadequate.

Designs are being prepared for a new Department which will include a fully-equipped Dispensary, Commodious Waiting Hall, Medical and Surgical Consulting Rooms, Clinical Laboratories, Isolation and Observation Wards, and other appointments necessary to the efficiency of the Department.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THIS WILL COST £10,000.

King Edward's fund have granted £2,000 towards this object, and other contributions and promises have been received amounting to another £2,000.

THE BALANCE OF £6,000 IS WANTED AT ONCE.

The case is one of emergency and brooks no delay, and it is hoped that those to whom this appeal is addressed will allow their benevolent impulses free and liberal play.

Cheques should be crossed "Parr's Bank," and sent to the Treasurer,
Henry Holloway, Esq., or to

A. W. BODGER, Secretary.